

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

NOVEMBER 9, 1940

WHO'S WHO

JOHN COLLINS is a member of the staff of the *Annalist*, published by the *New York Times*. Previously, he had spent some years covering the banks for the *Wall Street News*. Further back, he had been a reporter for Hearst, a rewrite man for the A. P., and a cub reporter in Lowell, Mass. His breakdown of the immigration and emigration figures during the past ten years leads to some very vital and most illuminating conclusions. Next week, he will continue the analysis, and deal with a phase of it that will be surprising. . . . SIGRID UNDSET, during October, delivered some lectures under the auspices of AMERICA. So splendid were the prefatory addresses that we publish four of them for the permanent record. ANNE O'HARE McCORMICK is on the editorial staff of the *New York Times*. WALTER LIPPMANN is feature writer for the *New York Herald Tribune* and other papers. DR. ISALIAH BOWMAN is President of Johns Hopkins University. DANIEL SARGENT is a poet and biographer, former lecturer at Harvard University. . . . THOMAS F. MEEHAN, Staff member, was a boy of nine when the draft riots occurred in 1863. . . . PAUL L. BLAKELY returns to a topic about which he has been expressing himself through twenty-five years. . . . SISTER MARY VINCEN-TINE, professor at St. Mary's College, Leavenworth, Kans., received her doctorate at the Catholic University and then attended the University of Milan, studying youth problems. . . . MARY KIELY is the executive secretary of *Pro Parvulis*, the very-alive book club for children. . . . HAROLD C. GARDINER, book-review editor, prepared the survey.

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COMMENT

BEFORE reading this, you and we have heard the results of Tuesday's election, have rejoiced or mourned, have confidence or feel despair in regard to the next four years. At this writing, neither you nor we know the secret hidden in the millions of secret ballots that will have been cast on November 5. The decision, now unknown to all of us, will have been made by all of us, irrespective of our wealth or our destitution, of our education or bare literacy, of our youthfulness or our advanced age, of our religion or racial origin. That is the form democracy takes in our nation. He is to be President who gains the majority of the votes of the States, expressed through the members of the electoral college. Every American accepts, before and after the election, this decision. Whether one likes the decision or fears because of it, everyone must uphold it. The nation has been torn for many weeks by dissension and conflict. The nation, now, must strive to be united again under the one declared to be the Chief Executive. Freedom of press and of expression, however, are as integral a part of the American spirit of democracy as is the acceptance of the will of the majority. This Review has always been outspoken in praise where praise is due, and courageous in stating that no praise is due. It will continue to express its views as to the acts and words of President Willkie or President Roosevelt.

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A MEDAL of large dimensions is hereby presented to the Motion Picture Department, International Federation of Catholic Alumnae. A medal, as large as an individual can carry, is awarded the Chairman, Mrs. James F. Looram, Chairman. Several medals, large as possible, are granted to Mrs. Bradford, International President, Miss Sheridan, Mrs. Bannin, Mrs. Heide, Miss Lyons, Mrs. Dalton and all the officers. And a nice, big, shiny medal is given to all the previewers on the East and the West Coast. Our generosity is prompted by a reading of the Report of the Chairman, 1938-1940. The medals are neither on hand nor on order, but they are very much in the mind. The industrious and highly intelligent ladies serving on the New York and Hollywood Committees have passed several judgments on each of 1,068 feature films. They have, in addition, expressed many opinions on each of 1,546 short subjects and newsreels. Of the feature films, 964 were placed in Class A; of these, 576 were in Section I (unobjectionable for general patronage). 86 features were bracketed in Class B (objectionable in part). 17 were Class C, condemned outright. The record of the movies has risen considerably over the reports of ten years ago, when muck and immorality were smeared all over the screen. Much still needs to be done, and much is being done. Vigilance must be exercised, and the

ladies are tirelessly vigilant. They, however, are but parts of a powerful whole. They are servants of the public, and more precisely, of the Bishops who have established and maintained the Legion of Decency. Hence, the largest medals of all are hereby respectfully offered to Archbishop McNicholas, of Cincinnati, and Archbishop Cantwell, of Los Angeles. And finally, in keeping with his clerical position but not with his humility, a large, round medal is awarded to the Executive Secretary of the Legion of Decency, Rev. John J. McClafferty.

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THE Nazis are not pleased with General Pétain's abolition of anti-clerical laws, according to the annoyed commentator on *Radio Paris*, operating from occupied France. "The Jesuits are coming back," the announcer complained, "... we expect no good from the return of education in cowls." With touching solicitude for France, the Nazi-controlled loud-speaker continued:

How can the clergy give its opinions about problems, the solution of which solely depends upon persons who are in power? The cardinals, bishops, canons, priests, deacons and subdeacons are apparently not sufficient to the Government and they have appealed to the Jesuits to become again the guides of conscience for the French youth.

We do not believe that real Catholics are rejoicing that the Church from now on will again be compromised by the vile intrigues of these disguised politicians—the Jesuits. As the times of Freemasons and priests have gone, France would only have everything to lose if she becomes a *Jesuitière*.

Frenchmen must have reflected that things have not gone too well since France, itself, shared those views and that under the present sad circumstances, she did not really have anything to lose. Those who would force on France the new paganism of Europe have reason to be disturbed because, apparently, the Eldest Daughter of the Church is hearing a Voice Which cannot be drowned out by the splenetic crackling of the Nazi radio.

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AWAITING sentence on November 6, are the eight students of the Union Theological Seminary in New York who refused to register for the draft for military training and national service. Twenty students of the Seminary had previously declared their intention to refuse to register, but twelve reconsidered their position; they declared themselves conscientious objectors, left the Seminary, according to the *Information Service* of the Federal Council of Churches, thus forfeiting any possible exemption as divinity students. The steadfast eight, ostentatiously absented themselves from the

registration office, were indicted by a Federal Grand Jury on October 21. Each is liable to a maximum penalty of five year's imprisonment, a fine of \$10,000, or both. The students, in a manifesto issued on October 10, declared that they were pacifists, unable in conscience to "cooperate with the war system" in any way. On the basis of Catholic teaching, these young men are in error in their beliefs of an unrestricted pacifism and, likewise, wrong in their disobedience, in not registering, to duly authorized government. Provision for exemption was incorporated in the legislation, for them as divinity students, and for them and all others as "conscientious objectors."

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NEITHER the faculty nor the student body of the Seminary agree with the dissident eight. However, the *Information Service* explains that their refusal even to register for the draft "was their way of implementing a pacifist conviction which has been nurtured by a considerable part of the Protestant leadership of America for two decades." In a sermon preached in the Seminary chapel regarding the action of the eight students, Professor Grant offered a modified, and rather novel, interpretation of the Protestant concept of private conscience:

Refusal to register exemplifies a principle—which it strangely identifies with the Christian religion—which is pure, unadulterated, anarchic individualism; a principle that repudiates the last vestige of social and civic responsibility; a principle which cannot by any means be squared with the Christian religion, since Christianity teaches and inculcates a deep sense of responsibility for the welfare of others, including one's nation; a principle which if applied on a wide scale can mean nothing short of the disintegration and abolition of all organized social and political life. . . . From one point of view this idolatry of the private conscience may be described as the last, and most fatal, application and distortion of an exaggerated principle of Protestantism—the utter sanctity of private conscience—a principle of great value, and even one that is sacred, when applied where it is proper to apply it; but one which historically has been always supplemented and balanced, and should be supplemented and balanced, by the Catholic principle of divine authority and of consideration of the peace, order and welfare of the larger group—the family, the city, the nation, the world. History is full of examples of the havoc wrought by the private conscience when unenlightened and unchecked by this other authority, at least equally deserving to be heard. The unguided, irresponsible private conscience, left to itself, is a very dangerous thing.

Applied to religion, likewise, an inordinate "idolatry of the private conscience" has resulted, not only in heresy and schism, but in religious confusion and anarchy.

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REMEMBER the little linen books of your school days, with the big black letters and the simple black and white drawings? Children's books were a little dreary then, however bright the story they told. But today, how alluring they have become! They beguile even us so-called grown-ups to lose

ourselves in them, and that is all to the good. Thackeray says somewhere that a man who asserts that he has no liking for candy and cakes should be ashamed of himself, for it is a sign that he has ruined his taste. And the man who is not responsive to the simplicity and whimsy of books for children—is his taste sane and wholesome? So-o-o, do not, we beseech you, turn up a haughty nose at the Children's Book Survey; you may even find something there to make you young again. Of all the books that we received, these six are really superb: *Where the Winds Never Blew and the Cocks Never Crew*, by Padraic Colum (Macmillan); *Out of the Net*, by Mary D. Edmonds (Oxford); *The Lost Baron*, by Allen French (Houghton, Mifflin); *Happy Times in Czechoslovakia*, by Libushka Bartusek (Knopf); *The Butterfly Shawl*, by Grace Dawson (Doubleday, Doran); and *Smoky House*, by Elizabeth Goudge (Coward, McCann). Walt Disney's *Nutcracker Suite* has not come out as we go to press, but it will be like all his work, a tonic. Look them over, feel the years slipping off your weary shoulders.

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HOSTILITY between science and religion is not, unlike the Erie cinder of old, much in the public eye these days. It has always been a puzzle to us how there could be any talk about it, because actually much of the fine, worthwhile science in the world has been contributed by men deeply, even passionately, interested in religion—the missionaries. Off they go to outlandish places, and while they sweat and scrape to save souls, they find time to write an Alaskan grammar, or a history of Fiji Island customs, or to draw maps of the source of the Mississippi. This bright thought flashed upon our far-ranging mind as we read of the recent death of Joseph J. Williams, S.J. He had been a missionary in Jamaica, and while laboring there, collected material for his seven volumes on anthropology, which won for him membership and influence in many of the learned societies of the United States and England. AMERICA felt especially close to Father Williams, for he was its treasurer when the infant paper was learning to walk. Priest, executive, missionary, scientist—that is a pretty full life for any man, and a well balanced one, too, wherein faith and science were a mutual help.

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MRS. BROWDER is to be deported to Soviet Russia, at the expense of the United States. She is charged with having entered this country surreptitiously; that is, she failed to have an immigration visa. She entered from Canada, "at a point unknown to her." Asked if she were a member of the Communist party in the United States, she replied: "I never gave it any thought," though she did admit helping Comrade-Candidate Browder in his speeches and writings. She should be deported; but why now? She entered the country in 1933; immigration officials never bothered her before. But now, any stone is good enough to throw at the comrades. Just two years ago, no one dared to throw even an unkind word at them.

IMMIGRATION AND EMIGRATION DURING THE PAST TEN YEARS

JOHN COLLINS

LET us assume that when the Western frontier vanished, opportunity in this country disappeared with it. If that be true, then the more people we have here, the harder life will tend to be, for you and your children.

Assume again that the vanished-frontier economists are wrong. Let us take the position that the passing of the frontier will pass with the passage of certain economists from jobs in government agencies whose existence depends on unemployment.

In that case we are free to believe that frontiers, more fertile than the old, may be lurking in the Du Pont laboratories; that more people may mean more customers and that more customers may mean more opportunity.

Either way, the number of people in this country does matter. And when the Census Bureau announces that this year our population numbers about 131 millions, as against 123 millions ten years ago, as reflective persons our reaction must be something other than "Oh, yeah!"

To know that this increase of seven per cent is a sharp decline from the increase of sixteen per cent between 1920 and 1930, is important enough. To know how that decline came about, is even more important. For, knowing that, one may work out ways of accelerating the decrease in population, or retarding or reversing it—the choice depending on one's basic economic, and other beliefs.

Now this drop in our rate of increase, the Census Bureau explains, came about in two ways. First, the Stork, as common carrier, had much less traffic to handle between 1930 and 1940. Second, we gained fewer people during the decade as a result of migration from and to other lands.

Not being members of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and probably agreeing anyway that competition from the bus lines and motor trucks has nothing to do with it, we may safely leave discussion of the first reason, in its physical aspects, to the biologists; in its moral, to our spiritual advisers; and in its martial, to those fifty million Frenchmen who, we used to be told, could not possibly be wrong.

Concentrate, then, on that other reason for the decline in our rate of increase: migration. It is important, not only because it affects our "how many," but also our "what kind." If, for example, it should develop that we have been losing traders in the foreign exchanges and gaining machine tool makers, that would make a considerable difference.

So, between 1930 and 1940, we added to our net population, as a result of the movement of aliens in and their movement out, a total of 94,183 persons. In the decade preceding, we had added 3,187,312.

Now people moving in and moving out fall into two broad classes. There are the tourists who may be here to see the Grand Canyon, lecturers from Europe who may be here to civilize us; in short, those of that class who are not supposed to settle here but who, having carried out their errand, will pack up and be on their way.

Then, there is the other class: those coming in who intend to settle here and those going out who have lived here for some time but, for one reason or another, are no longer "nuts" about the good old Ooh-Ess-Eh. This second class is known formally in the Department of Justice Records as Immigrant Aliens Entering and Emigrant Aliens Departing.

As a result of the movement of immigrant aliens entered and emigrant aliens departed, we added, net, to our *permanent* population in the ten years, 1931 through 1940, a total of 68,693 persons. The years we are talking about are, of necessity, government fiscal years. That is, they are the twelve-month periods ending on June 30 of the calendar year named.

In the ten-year shuffle of immigrants and emigrants—and this should hearten the makers of women's wear—we gained, net, a total of 131,981 females but we lost 63,288 males.

Let coffee-pot proprietors rejoice in a net addition of 60,831 unmarried persons. The furniture houses will have to interpret for themselves a net gain of 1,823 married. The widowed we gained numbered 3,338. To our stock of divorced persons we added 2,701.

Be alarmed or elated, according to your economic and biological lights, by a net gain in persons under thirty and a net loss in those older. What happened in the nine years, 1931-1939, from an age standpoint, is shown in the table below. Data for 1940 are not being hidden up the sleeve. They just are not in hand in a homogeneous form.

Age	Came In	Went Out	Net Change
Under 16	78,150	32,726	45,424
16-21	71,788	25,176	46,612
22-29	112,323	94,009	18,314
30-37	80,043	103,981	-23,938
38-44	41,029	63,633	-22,604
45 and Up.....	74,732	118,752	-44,410

We come to something now, which, if you are a physician, will mean one thing to you and if you

are a laborer will mean another. But no matter what the method by which you acquire your bread and butter, the following table should mean something to you. It reveals by broad classifications our net gains and losses by types of occupation. The "No Occupation" class, by the way, in which we show a heavy net addition, does not necessarily mean persons who will have the leisure to tell us what this country needs. It consists, in great measure, of women and children.

	<i>Came In</i>	<i>Went Out</i>	<i>Net Change</i>
Professional	32,785	18,144	14,641
Commercial	28,613	16,330	12,283
Skilled	54,502	57,937	-3,435
Servants	30,241	28,003	2,238
Laborers	21,951	131,104	-109,153
Miscellaneous	22,071	25,002	-2,931
No occupation.....	267,512	161,757	105,755

Great political upheavals have marked the decade we are considering and at the risk of stirring the emotions that properly twine about one's native land, we shall venture into the question of what countries we have been losing aliens to, and what countries we have been taking them from. The principal ones are laid out below.

	<i>Entered From</i>	<i>Left For</i>	<i>Net Change</i>
Canada	106,511	14,333	92,178
France	12,623	11,253	1,370
Germany and Aust.	117,621	37,170	80,451
Great Britain.....	29,378	57,042	-27,664
Hungary	7,861	3,024	4,837
Eire	10,973	12,800	-1,827
Italy	68,028	27,874	40,154
Mexico	22,319	106,178	-83,859
Poland	17,026	9,105	7,921
Spain	3,258	11,071	-7,813

Now all who come from Germany do not have a cephalic index that would delight Herr Hitler. Nor are all who enter from Canada either French-Canadians or English. So we shall venture into still more dangerous ground. In the table below are revealed the permanent changes from 1931 through 1940, by race or people.

	<i>Came In</i>	<i>Went Out</i>	<i>Net Change</i>
Chinese	1,823	19,877	-18,054
English	51,283	46,206	5,077
French	22,918	12,266	10,652
German	57,309	42,193	15,116
Irish	29,320	18,711	10,609
Italian	71,334	30,102	41,232
Japanese	1,619	8,213	-6,594
Jewish	137,525	2,925	134,600
Mexican (Chiefly) ..	12,983	105,171	-92,188
Polish	8,050	8,973	-923
Spanish	4,873	13,596	-8,723

So far we have been considering the decade's migration in its balance-sheet aspects only. That is, we have plunged our hand in at the beginning and at the end of the time-span we are interested in, plucked out pertinent items, lumped them, and noted the changes during the decade.

That, however, is not enough for an adequate understanding of what has been going on. Just as an accountant does, when he is appraising the condition and prospects of a business enterprise, we must supplement the balance-sheets with the income statement. We must look at the thing not only sidewise, but endwise, back over a period of time. In that way we may be able to discern which

of the forces that brought about the major changes are persisting and which have since petered out.

First, we notice that the flood tide, in the emigrant alien stream out of this country, occurred in the early years of the decade, as depression was deepening. The bulk of our net losses fell in that period. Then, as some measure of business recovery became evident, and after that, certain European situations became more acute, emigration tended to shrink while immigration tended to increase. Finally, as war intruded, both immigration and emigration, in fiscal 1940, declined relative to the preceding year. The table below shows what happened in the more recent period:

	<i>Came In</i>	<i>Went Out</i>	<i>Net Change</i>
1935	34,956	38,834	-3,878
1936	36,329	35,817	512
1937	50,244	26,736	23,508
1938	67,895	25,210	42,685
1939	82,998	26,651	56,347
1940	70,756	21,461	49,295

As for sex differences, the endwise view discloses that, while the percentage of males in the total going out has continued to exceed the percentage of males in the total coming in, the male content in the flow inward has in recent years been rising. In the flow outward, it has been rising lately too, but at a less rapid rate.

	<i>Per Cent Male Coming In</i>	<i>Per Cent Male Going Out</i>
1935	40.0	62.8
1936	40.6	60.7
1937	43.1	61.4
1938	44.1	61.1
1939	47.5	62.3
1940	47.3	64.3

Let the furniture houses and others whose fortunes ebb and flow with the mating statistics take heart too. For, while the percentage married among those going out has been rising in recent years, so has the percentage married among those coming in, and at a more rapid rate; as this table shows:

	<i>Per Cent Married Coming In</i>	<i>Per Cent Married Going Out</i>
1935	45.3	52.1
1936	45.0	51.5
1937	45.0	50.4
1938	43.1	50.8
1939	48.0	52.3
1940	53.1	53.2

Quite similar has been the behavior of the age phenomena. Let those concerned about birth and death rates, crude and refined, ponder the following layout. In recent years, the typical (median) age of those coming in has been rising sharply. The typical age of those going out has been rising also, but its rate of increase has been less.

	<i>Typical Age Coming In</i>	<i>Typical Age Going Out</i>
1935	27.1	35.8
1936	27.9	36.3
1937	28.2	37.3
1938	28.0	37.8
1939	30.1	38.5
1940	33.1	38.5

Further investigation of these tables will show some very remarkable changes and trends in the sources of our population.

(To be continued)

PREFACES TO SIGRID UNDSET

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 6
ANNE O'HARE McCORMICK

I AM sure that Sigrid Undset does not think of herself as a symbol. Her greatness as a writer is that she never sees human creatures as symbols or types or epic figures but as separate, sharply defined individual beings compounded of the earth and the stars, the mortal mixed pretty thickly with the immortal.

She will tell us presently about her country; a country invaded and in servitude, not even for its own sake, but as a passage way—a point of attack on another country. In the man-made canyons and mountains of New York, I can imagine that she is homesick for the lonely Fjords, the clean hard hills, the closed-in green valleys of her native land. Perhaps she misses even the freedom that used to flourish there, for the air of Norway was the breath of a liberty more ancient than ours. It was there, you remember, that the first parliament was assembled; they called it the *thing* because even a thousand years ago they felt in those lands of the north that democracy was the essential thing on which organized society is based.

Madame Undset cannot help standing as a symbol of Norway, its suffering, its courage, the survival of its soul. Her personal odyssey is the odyssey of her country and of all small countries, all small, peaceful, weak and precious things in a world where force is the law and the prophets. She cannot help being identified with the tragedy of Norway and the other victims of the invasion of the barbarians of our time. She comes to make us see what is really meant when we say that the lights are put out in Europe, and to warn us that our own bright lights are flickering in the storm.

She comes with two great distinctions: the Nobel Prize for the works of her genius and, if recent reports are correct, the Nazi ban in her own country on these works. If that is the case, I am sure that the second judgment would seem to her more significant than the first. It would prove that her country has been over-run by the enemies not of Norway but of the human spirit.

For it is not only as the representative of a brave people that we salute Sigrid Undset. It is not only as a great writer. She represents something more—something universal, something as timeless as truth. The merit of her trilogy and tetralogy of medieval Norway is not that they are medieval or

that they are Norse. It is not that they recreate a past epoch so that it lives again. It is that she makes the people of that time and that place as real as the people of our time, the people of all time. That the setting is Norway does not matter. That the date is the fourteenth century is incidental. *Kristin Lavransdatter* is the saga of the human family, any time, anywhere.

In the world in which Madame Undset lives and works there are no nations, great or small; there is only humanity. The nation is not a collection of soldiers and conscripts, tools of a state which assumes to function as a supreme being. The nation is a collection of individual souls in the great community of mankind. It is because she depicts Norwegians faithfully that they are not Norwegians but all of us. With the probing eye of truth she sees, and makes us see, the brotherhood of man. She makes us see what it is profoundly important for men to see in this upheaval—that, rooted in our nature and the nature of society is the urge and necessity for some kind of unity. This is why the Nazis should ban her books, for they are an unintended but deadly indictment of the principle of the counterfeit unity they seek to impose.

It is the same with Madame Undset's view of time. She moves easily back and forth among the centuries, from the fourteenth to the twentieth, and from the twentieth back to the eighteenth in her latest book, *Madame Dorthes*. In her perspective you do not see the successive revolutions that have taken place between the Middle Ages and now. You do not see them because you perceive that man has not changed much in all these vicissitudes. Essentially he is the same when he flies from New York to Lisbon as when he walked from Christian-sand to Mo, when he fights with tanks and flying fortresses and when he fought with swords and stones. You see that spiritual progress has no relation to material progress, that for each man his own lifetime is the beginning and end of the world.

This long and universal view is, of course, the Catholic view. Before I left Europe a few months ago, I was privileged to have a long talk with the Pope. I suppose no one in the world feels so deeply in his own soul the tragedy of this war. He is the father of a house divided against itself. He sees the conflict as an assault on the rock on which he stands. He suffers as no other ruler suffers. Nevertheless, I felt strongly as he spoke that no catastrophe is final or irreparable to one who looks at passing things under the species of eternity.

So in the long, large view of Sigrid Undset there can be pity and terror and sorrow too deep for

tears—but no despair. As a creative artist she has seen too much. She has looked too far into the past to fear to look at the future.

We salute you, Madame Undset. I am proud to speak for lesser writers and journalists and all lovers of freedom and courage, to welcome you to this part of your world. America was born to give asylum to the poor and the oppressed and the adventurous of an older civilization. America owes its power and its greatness to this yeasty mixture of many strains. We are proud of that, and now we are proud that America has become the haven of the best minds and free spirits: the exiles of Hitler.

You honor us and you enrich us. You remind us of hard truths we have forgotten in our ease, our complacency and our false security. You remind us that we are all one of another, and that freedom is not something we deserve but something we have to work at, that, perhaps, we must limit if we are not to lose. I hope you will crack some of our fond illusions, Madame Undset, that you will feel sufficiently at home among us to speak your mind, and that in spite of our wish to keep you, it will not be long before you can go home.

WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 18

WALTER LIPPMANN

IT is a privilege which I deeply appreciate to appear on the same platform with the great lady whom you have come here to honor this evening.

You will have heard, I am sure, that she has said to those who speak about her visit to America that, whatever else they do, they should not be sentimental about her—if they can help it. I shall try to respect her wishes. But I am sure she will understand that it is impossible to contemplate without profound emotion even the bare recital of the mere circumstances which cause her to be in America.

The fact that this woman of genius is driven from her home, the fact that her country is subjugated, are facts which cannot be explained away by any device of sophistication. She is herself the innocent victim of a calculated evil; and her case, and the case of her country, present to the conscience of anyone who has a conscience, a clear, unmistakable, indisputable issue of good and evil. Not to be able to see this, not to be willing to see this, not to be ready to say this, is to have fallen into the sin which the great moralists call "spiritual sloth," that "sluggishness of the soul in the exercise of virtue" which causes men to find it tedious and irksome to recognize, and then to act upon, the difference between right and wrong.

Her country, Norway, did not participate in the first World War, nor in the settlement of the war, nor in the diplomacy of the post-War era, nor in the events which preceded the present war, nor in the conduct of the present war. If any peoples are innocent and are blameless, the Norwegians, and their Scandinavian neighbors, the Finns, the Swedes

and the Danes, are innocent and blameless. These are the peoples who more than any other peoples on earth, with the exception of the Swiss, have made their own innocence the first line of their national defense.

The fact that, nevertheless, they have been attacked without provocation, the fact that they have been subjugated and mutilated and oppressed, is, therefore, undeniable evidence that there is loose in the world organized, mechanized evil against which innocence, as such, is no adequate protection, an organized, mechanized evil which only an armed righteousness, only good men militant, can withstand.

For this reason the attack on Finland and the invasion of Norway will, I believe, be recognized by historians as the events which most profoundly altered the moral judgment of the American people about the issues of the present war. After Finland and Norway, the doubts as to where Americans stand have not arisen from their moral doubts. The questions which Americans have been debating have been questions of expediency and prudence and of ways and means. For the destruction of the neutrality of Finland and Norway destroyed the moral foundation of neutrality in the United States.

So, when Madame Undset speaks to Americans she will find—I believe she has already found—that they have not come to look at a gifted and noble writer, or to be entertained by hearing a dramatic story about a distant country. The suffering of Norway, as it is represented in this lady, is an experience which we have shared in our imaginations: it is an experience which, in its ultimate significance, is our own experience. When she speaks, she will be putting into words the travail of the conscience of the American people.

BALTIMORE, OCTOBER 25

DR. ISAIAH BOWMAN

SINCE Madame Undset will herself speak to us this evening, whatever I may say of her work, her character, and her land will necessarily seem superficial. It may be that what I say will be modified by Madame Undset, and I would emphasize her right to this privilege.

A fellow-craftsman, Oscar Firkins, late Professor of Comparative Literature at the University of Minnesota, once said that whenever man has a good idea he creates an institution to perpetuate the idea and to remind him systematically of it. In a parallel sense, Madame Undset gradually developed an idea which may be said to be embodied in the institution of her life, revealed again and again in her books and stories. Two things mark that idea. First, a high regard for what conservative institutions stand for; what Lord Morley once called moral principles because they are derived from the history of the race—what men by long experience have found to be good. Second, to her the tragedy

of life consists in, or grows out of, the violation of moral principles and the rejection of family and racial ties. Her characters commonly meet tragedy or resolve or mitigate it by self-sacrificing service.

Madame Undset is as dynamic and progressive as the spirit of her own land. Deeply affected by tradition, she has also been sensitive to her changing national environment—her philosophy and her sympathies have expanded as her personal experience has grown. She has lived in the period of modern industrialization of Norway, of great water-power development, of a now well documented distrust of foreign influence whether political or economic. In a world steadily grown "more monotonously drab in its outer garment of economic circumstances," she has pictured, for her people and for us, landscapes and communities and deeply felt experiences of imperishable human worth. She has written of lean and hard-earned crops, destroyed by early frost, of a land whose resources are so meager that it has pushed its people out upon the sea; and thus through nature's penury, given Norway a special distinction; it is the only maritime power that owns and operates ships in sufficient number to enable its entire population to go on board at one time and sail away!

Surpassing the problems of environment are those of human beings, each one, as she puts it, "enclosed in an invisible shell." Her novels deal chiefly with human beings engaged in what she terms "the distressing occupation" of learning to know themselves. The grace of her writing is largely displayed in accounts of scenery and children. No one can read far without acquiring unforgettable pictures of mountain bogs "rich with wild luxuriance and a wealth of flowers, forget-me-not, butter-cups, gauze-like clouds of . . . little white flowers, gleaming tufts of bog-cotton." Her landscape is clean and bright blue, "bright with the radiance of autumn"; steep, grassy slopes, sprinkled with pale cow-slips; the air scented with the leaves of bird-cherry and birch.

Projected against this scenic background is the tragedy of life, of people who search and do not find, who desire and do not win. The whole struggle and the material failure are redeemed by a philosophic outlook and a religion of obedience.

Madame Undset will permit me to say that I like best her pictures of children. I have time for but a single illustration. Everyone knows the difficulties of an older sister taking care of a younger brother—a theme worthy of a great artist's skill. She has delicately portrayed the lot of these older sisters in her latest book, *Madame Dorteia*. When Lisbeth complains that she is not having very much fun looking after her young brother, she is reminded by her mother that she *sings* to her brother and *plays* with him and makes him *laugh* and is not that fun? Lisbeth's reply deserves immortality: "I can play with Christian and that makes *him* laugh. But *he* cannot play with me!"

Madame Undset is a unique figure in literature and she represents a very gallant country. Tragic Norway is today the exponent of the value of small states whose patriotism is not measured by square

miles or by the size of army or navy or budget or debt. It can never be said of Norway that it "drove fifty armed corps of conscripts" to the battlefield. We hope that its virtues one day and soon, may have again a free chance to fertilize European life as it has in the long past. We remember that through Frithjof Nansen, for example, human refugees now enjoy the only international passports in existence in the world; and their bearers are symbolically like migrating birds who, also, now enjoy international passports as it were—that is, protection by treaty.

We have gathered in homage and admiration to salute and to hear a great lady of Norway crowned with Nobel laureate but crowned in an even higher sense by the nobility of her work.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 21

DANIEL SARGENT

MADAME Sigrid Undset, as we all know, has been a frequenter of the Middle Ages. It seems to some of us that from them she has pilfered, most happily, a wonderful skill: that of tapestry weaving. The makers of medieval tapestries portrayed realistically man, beast, bud and flower; but behind them they wove a symbolism, rich as a forest, which united those figures and gave them each a place in the mystery of Creation.

Sigrid Undset in her novels has done likewise. She has portrayed her Norwegian compatriots of the thirteenth, eighteenth and twentieth centuries realistically; but she has embroidered them into a background which shows them in their place in the mystery of God's Planning, and especially God's Mercy. Thus, though she reveals the weakness of human beings, never do we see them separate from their setting, and because of that setting her novels are classed not with so-called realistic literature but with epics.

For twenty-five years Sigrid Undset has been weaving these tapestries with medieval skill for our wonderment. Last year we heard that her Norway had been invaded by a foreign foe, and we said: "Now for a time she will weave no more."

But then we looked at her, and saw that in a different way she was continuing to weave. She was weaving with her deeds now, and not with words. It was as if she herself had stepped as an heroic character from her own tapestries, and was acting against the background of the truths she held to and the Faith that had been given to her. She was living an epic. We saw her as the patriot defending her country, and then, when it was over-run, fleeing from it into the misery of exile which she is not the first poet to have entered into. We saw her crossing great Asia, and over the Great Pacific, and then coming to our land.

Tonight she is with us, and by being her hosts, we are for once woven into the tapestry of her weaving and for that honor we are grateful.

STATE RIGHTS OVER STATE AFFAIRS

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

MORE than twenty years ago (October 10, 1918) the late Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia, introduced a bill that was hotly debated for more than a decade. The ostensible purpose of this bill was to aid the schools of the several States, but had the bill, as originally phrased, been enacted, the control of these schools would have passed from the States to the Federal Government. Despite numerous amendments in the years that followed, it remained clear that the States could not retain control over schools subsidized by Federal funds, and subject to Federal inspection and regulation.

While the bill failed of enactment, much of what it proposed directly has since been accomplished by indirect means. Whether we like it or not, it is a palpable fact that powers not dreamed of at Washington in 1918, except as possible measures in some future war, are now assumed to lie within the authority of the Federal Government. It would be strange were so national an activity as the schools, to escape the effects of this centralization, and as a matter of fact, they have not escaped. As funds continue to be allotted to schools within the States, control, direct and indirect, by Washington becomes more firmly established.

It can no longer be contended that these grants are unconstitutional, for the Supreme Court has made that contention impossible by its adoption of the Hamiltonian theory of the powers of the Government under the general-welfare clause. As far, then, as the Constitution is in question, Congress may build schools in every town in the country, provided that such action be deemed necessary for the general welfare, and that no discrimination be exercised against any State. Yet such Federal grants will certainly undermine the authority over the local schools which, constitutionally, is reserved to the several States. For no one has yet discovered a method of withdrawing from Federal supervision, and ultimate control, any project subsidized by the Federal Government. Subsidies, whatever the intentions of the subsidizers, are chains upon freedom, and the freedom in this case is local educational autonomy.

It must not be forgotten (but generally is) that in their sphere the States exercise a sovereignty as genuine as the sovereignty of the Federal Government, or that upon the preservation of local sovereignty in its integrity, depends the preservation of our constitutional government. The framers of the Constitution might have proposed a government in which the country, parceled out into districts, would be ruled, as was the South after the War between the States, by prefects sent out by

a central government. But a totalitarianism of this kind was abhorrent to them.

They believed that the States ought to work out their salvation as free communities, not by throwing their burdens on a central government, but by assuming them. It was their creed that the general welfare would be best secured and promoted by a Federal union, with the States exercising the functions which they had reserved to themselves, with the general Government active in the sphere assigned to it, and with neither seeking to avoid duties, or to usurp powers. Yet, surely, as control over the local schools, a control jealously guarded for generations, is acquired by the Federal Government, the balance of power established by the Constitution is seriously disturbed.

Unfortunately, the theory of local control has been largely displaced in the last two decades by theories alien to the underlying principles of the Constitution. Efficiency, rather than the safeguarding of freedom, has been proposed as the aim of government, and it is argued that to secure efficiency, government must be centralized.

Yet it has never been shown that efficiency, if the term means work well done, rather than work quickly done, is guaranteed, or even facilitated, by centralization. The theory, often expressed by American statesmen, that if the States did not exist, it would be necessary to create them, holds until evidence proves it false. There is efficiency of a sort, in any penitentiary, efficiency too in Germany and Russia, but no freedom, "the highest of natural endowments," as Leo XIII wrote, and hence no good government. For freedom is necessary for the development of good citizens and the maintenance of good government.

Failure to reject the efficiency theory of government means that the Constitution will become a mute and futile document. When the schools are regulated by this theory, the next generation will not highly regard the liberties won by our fathers, and guaranteed, as they hoped, by the Constitution. Government-controlled teaching means, sooner or later, government of, by and for bureaucrats.

In his recently published autobiography, Dr. Abraham Flexner accurately criticizes our increasing centralization as debasing. In his view, education in the South was strengthened by the refusal of the South to accept Federal "aid" in the years following the grossly misnamed "Reconstruction Period." "Character, developed by self-reliance, amidst hardships," writes Dr. Flexner, "is an asset not lightly to be regarded." He finds it no asset to this country that, since 1929, "to an unprecedented degree we have come to rely upon assistance or regulation from the Federal Government."

The conclusion has many applications, but its peculiar application is to local education. No State in the Union is too poor to retain control of its own affairs. When the States begin to relinquish rights that are theirs under the Constitution, in return for money-subsidies, and to look to Washington for the solution of their internal problems, we are well on the way to a centralized Government barely to be distinguished from dictatorship.

A COLLEGE GIRL VOTE ON SERMONS

SISTER MARY VINCENTINE, S.C.L.

TODAY the college chaplain, sodality director, retreat master, or religious instructor, before facing a college group, realizes the importance of captivating the students' interest. The modern age is one of dictators and youth is the most dictatorial of all. Even in the sacred realm of the pulpit it is exacting.

A questionnaire given to approximately two hundred students in a woman's college in the Midwest endeavored to determine the type of sermon which has most appeal to youth. Five items of information were included:

- I. Sermon topics I should like.
- II. Sermons which pleased me most in the past.
- III. I don't like sermons about. . . .
- IV. Now, I don't need this sermon, but Jane here. . . .
- V. I've heard Bill say: "It was a zipper! He preached about. . . ."

In their responses, the young women, who come from thirteen States, admit their likes and dislikes with a frankness which the anonymity of papers doubtlessly encouraged. It is significant that ninety per cent urge the treatment of modern youth in the world today and of current problems. Approximately, the same group appeal for practical sermons on the sanctity of marriage or related subjects, such as courtship, the Church's attitude on divorce and mixed marriage, family life, vocations in general, professions and the possibility for sanctification in each. At least five per cent of the girls ask for a decisive stand on the question: Can a mother have a career?

They want to hear less of recondite topics and more of God's love for men; less of the life of Christ and more of His actions in relation to their everyday living; less of the exalted virtues of the Blessed Virgin and more concerning her pure life as an example for sex relations; less of the abstract delineation of saintly perfection and more of the Saints' reactions to certain situations which have a parallel today for modern youth.

There is a feeling that the depth of the spiritual wealth of the Church has not been probed by youth because its richness has never been grasped. Why is it great to be a Catholic? If it is the Mass that matters, they—over eighty per cent of the students—want to know how to participate to the fullest extent. They desire to esteem the beauty of the liturgy and to have explained the minor ceremonies and devotions of the Church. They want to have the greatest possible appreciation of the Sacraments as a means of grace, the many advantages derived from sacramental confession and a spiritual advisor, a greater knowledge of Christ's love in the

Eucharist, and the development of prayerful intimacy in His presence.

As for morals, as high as fifty per cent of the students urge sermons on purity of thought. Death, Judgment, and hell are not salvaged by these moderns, but a greater number list their preference for a sermon on the beauties of Heaven as a check to temptations.

The second part of the questionnaire, concerning sermons which had pleased them most in the past, contains few suggestions not already given. The same high rate of popularity for topics treating of modern problems, marriage, the Mass and modern morality prevails. A few specific preferences will be noted here: "short-cuts to sanctification," practical ways to imitate the Saints, trust in God, the immensity of God and His presence in souls, the Mystical Body of Christ; practical subjects, such as the choice of friends, requisites for a good marriage, how to enjoy oneself sinlessly in the company of the other sex, and how to resist temptations; miscellaneous topics, like kindness, good literature as a food for the mind, worldliness, the joy of a deliberate search for the good points in one's neighbor, and finally, the happiness of giving to God and "not always asking."

The group is almost unanimous in regard to the type of sermon most disliked, ninety-five per cent listing the tirade on church finances. Over eighty per cent are likewise agreed on various points: deliver them from the long sermon, the repetitious sermon, the "must-do or must-not-do" sermon, the "over-the-head" or too theological sermon. A few give prejudices in detail: the cosmos when there are modern problems "galore"; Saints who are so perfect that they cease to be human; the degraded morals of modern youth—"we are not worse than other generations"; hell, the inevitable end; the world going to ruin; points which they have had again and again in religion courses and "given in the same words as the catechism—oh, for a new twist!"

The fourth point of the questionnaire—now, I don't need this sermon, but Jane here, etc.—has a special significance for the boarding school girl who is continually in contact with her neighbor and soon gets to know her failings better than her own. Eighty per cent suggest charity in general; others add kindred virtues, such as unselfishness, kindness in little things, thoughtfulness, forgiving and forgetting, minding one's own business, and cooperation. Fifty per cent would instruct Jane concerning the evils of gossiping and backbiting. They have found that their companion faces other problems and suggest sermons on scruples, the proper choice of a partner in life, true love, what to do on a date, and purity in social life. She needs a correct attitude on divorce, mixed marriage, the vocation of motherhood and even on the convent as a place "without bars." She should know about the dangers of roadside parking, night clubs, and drink for girls. More important, Jane needs a sermon on the object of life so as "to have something to work for," a knowledge of God as the "Tremendous Lover," the joy of doing hard things for Him, trust in His Provi-

dence, the infinite value of the great Gift which she may offer to Him in the Mass, and lastly how little is really expected of her for one short hour each week.

The questionnaire would be incomplete, did it not include masculine opinion. To prevent such a lacuna there is the fifth point: "I've heard Bill say: 'It was a zipper! He preached about—'." Many of the young women had heard favorable or unfavorable comments of brothers or friends, and while these do not give an adequate index to masculine taste, they are not without interest.

Bill had been strongly impressed by sermons on the "things we fellows ought to know"; the dangers a young man faces today and how to cope with them; "gin, gas, gals"; the relation of drink and sin. There were, likewise, sermons on sex and courtship; profanity and shady jokes; the good and not the bad in youth; hell and eternity; the pain of the Passion. Strange to say, sermons on two feminine saints were included in the list—Saints Margaret of Cortona and Elizabeth of Hungary.

Although collegians are only a small part of the "Catholic youth in a world of sin," one comment of the questionnaire might well suggest the desires of all, including those who have not had the advantages of a higher Catholic education: "We want to hear of things useful in our daily lives and in our relations with other people; of things which will help us in the future, so that we can plan with our eyes open.

THE DRAFT RIOTS OF THE CIVIL WAR

THOMAS F. MEEHAN

CONSCRIPTION and compulsive military service are topics of much current interest and speculative comment. Few of the present generation know or recall the pertinent historical fact that the great statesman prelate, Archbishop John Hughes of New York, is on record as having treated these issues in a formal address to meet a relatively similar public emergency during the war between the States. He returned here, on August 12, 1862, from the diplomatic mission abroad on behalf of the Union cause entrusted to him by President Lincoln and Secretary of State Seward. Then enfeebled by Bright's Disease, from which he died later, he was not able to take any active part in public affairs. The war had not been going as favorably as many would wish and seemed to them a failure.

During the week of July 11-18, 1863, New York City was in a turmoil of riot and bloodshed over the action of the Federal Government in ordering a draft to fill up the lacking quota of the State of New York in its contribution to the Union army at

the front. In its issue of July 11, Horace Greeley, then its editor, said in the *New York Tribune*:

The first man we ever heard advocate a general conscription for the prosecution of the war for the Union was Archbishop Hughes in his sermon directly after his return from Europe last year. He condemned the reliance on volunteering as hazardous, and as placing too large a share of the burdens on the generous and public spirited, urging that, since the obligation to serve rested equally on all, the liability or risk should be apportioned accordingly.

The Archbishop, resenting this, wrote a letter to the *Herald*, which was printed on the following day, in which he said:

1. I did not condemn volunteering.

2. I did not recommend a coercive conscription, but that the people of the North, who stand by the Federal Government should demand conscription by their own voluntary choice and act. This would be their own system of volunteering. The main object of my remarks on the occasion referred to by Mr. Greeley was to bring the war to a speedy conclusion. The last decisive battle in every war is necessarily the most merciful in its results since it puts an end to the further shedding of human blood. . . . The substance of what has just been expressed will be found in the following extract from my sermon. . . . "I know little of what has transpired here during my absence. I have had scarcely time to look at the papers since I returned, but in all events much has been done though not much has been realized towards terminating this unfortunate war. Volunteers have been appealed to in advance of the draft, as I understand, but, for my own part, if I had a voice in the councils of the country, I would say let volunteering continue. If the 300,000 on your list be not enough this week, next week make a draft of 300,000 more. It is not cruel, this is mercy, this is humanity. Anything that will put an end to this drenching with blood the whole surface of the country, that will be humanity. Then every man on the continent, rich or poor, will have to take his share in the contest. Then it will not be left with the Government, whatever government it may be, to plead with the people and call on them to come forward and ask them if they would be drafted. No, it is for them the people to rise and ask the Government to draft them."

Greeley was not satisfied with this and he continued in the *Tribune*, and William Cullen Bryant in the *Evening Post*, to print tirades against Catholic and Irish Democrats. The Archbishop, at the request of Governor Seymour, sent out an appeal "To the men of New York who are now called in many of the papers 'Rioters'," to come to his house at the corner of Madison Avenue and Thirty-Sixth Street, on the afternoon of July 17, when he would make an address to them. This was posted all over the city and, in response, some 5,000 men assembled in front of the house. Sitting in a chair on the balcony, as he was too feeble to stand, he made the historic *Draft Riot Address*, defending their loyalty as citizens, and exhorting them to obey the authorities and keep the peace. At the end of his discourse, all dispersed peacefully with his blessing. Martial law had been proclaimed in the city and the Draft went on without further disorder. It was the Archbishop's last public appearance. His vitality steadily waned during the following month and the end came as the year closed.

The views of the famous statesman and prelate are pertinent as the question is renewed in our day.

CHRONICLE

AT HOME. The Presidential election campaign swept into a spirited finish. . . . John L. Lewis, chief of the C.I.O., in a national broadcast, excoriated President Roosevelt, threw his support to Wendell L. Willkie, urged labor to back the Republican candidate. . . . Joe Louis, heavyweight champion, toured the Middle West and East speaking for Willkie. On election eve, Louis appeared in Harlem, New York, on the same platform with Willkie, urged Negroes to support the Republican candidate. . . . Willkie addressed throngs in Kentucky, West Virginia, the Middle West, Maryland, the Middle Atlantic States and New England. . . . United States Ambassador to Great Britain, Joseph P. Kennedy, returned to the United States, broadcast an appeal for President Roosevelt's election. . . . When the President electioneered in New York, James A. Farley made an unexpected appearance in his entourage. . . . President Roosevelt toured through New Jersey, addressed crowds in New York, staged a speaking tour through New England, entered Ohio, broadcast from Cleveland.

WASHINGTON. In the presence of President Roosevelt, Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson, standing blindfolded on the stage of the War Department's auditorium, set in motion the lottery for the first peacetime draft in United States history. From the same glass bowl used in the World War draft, he pulled the first number in the drawing to decide in what order the 16,313,240 young draftees shall be taken from civil life. The number picked by Secretary Stimson was 158. The first number drawn in the World War draft was 258. . . . President Roosevelt signed the legislation authorizing the States to form home guard units as replacements for National Guard forces mobilized into Federal service. . . . President Roosevelt appointed Colonel B. O. Davis to be the first Negro brigadier general in Army annals. . . . The present session of Congress broke all peacetime records by appropriating or committing the Government to the expenditure of \$25,572,819,337. Of this total, \$17,592,227,930 was for defense. The only time a Congress exceeded this grand total was during the World War in 1918. . . . Attorney-General Jackson ordered the deportation of Reissa Berkman Browder, Russian-born wife of Earl R. Browder, Communist leader and candidate for the Presidency on the Communist ticket. The deportation order was based on her act in entering the United States without a visa. . . . The Polish Embassy in Washington issued a statement, revealing that hundreds of thousands of Poles have been transported from Russian-occupied Poland to Siberia. . . . The Supreme Court denied a review to two Jehovah's Witnesses, whose conviction had been upheld by the South Carolina Supreme Court.

They were held guilty of breach of the peace because they presented phonograph recordings at doors, used a sound truck.

FRANCE. The Vichy Government released the names of twenty-three persons who were deprived of French citizenship for fleeing France during the last few weeks of the war. Rene Clair, French film producer, Pierre Lazareff, former editor of the *Paris-Soir*, were among those denationalized. . . . The appeal of the Rothschilds for restoration of their citizenship status was rejected. . . . Vice Premier Pierre Laval took over the duties of Minister of Foreign Affairs, replacing Paul Baudoin. M. Baudoin continued as Secretary of State.

GREAT BRITAIN. The *Empress of Britain*, 42,000-ton flagship of the Canadian Pacific Line, was sunk 160 miles off the Irish coast, the Admiralty disclosed. . . . Tyler Kent, twenty-nine-year-old former clerk in the United States London Embassy, was convicted under the British Official Secrets Act. . . . Prime Minister Winston Churchill forwarded a message of aid to Premier John Metaxas of Greece, declaring: "We will give you all the help in our power. We fight a common foe and we will share a united victory." . . . In the House of Commons, members demanded an explanation of the sinking of the aircraft carrier, *Glorious*, off Narvik, Norway, in June, with the loss of 1,204 lives.

ITALY-GREECE. On October 26, Italy accused Greece of organizing an assault on the Albanian border and of plots in Porto Edda, an Albanian town facing Corfu. The Italian Governmental communique asserted two Albanian soldiers were killed and three wounded in the frontier clash, that three people were injured by bombs in Porto Edda. . . . The Athens Government denied the Italian assertions. . . . The Rome authorities forwarded an ultimatum to Greece which was rejected. Beginning at 6 A.M., October 28, a state of war existed between Italy and Greece. . . . Athens asserted the ultimatum called for surrender by Greece of part of her territory. . . . Rome declared its ultimatum asked for occupation of strategic Greek positions for the duration of the war. . . . Italian forces gathered along the Grecian frontier, preliminary skirmishes between Italo-Grecian forces began.

CHINA-JAPAN. The Japanese Army abandoned Nanning, former capital of Kwangsi Province, which it captured on November 24, 1939. Chinese forces, which had brought the city within gun

range, moved in. It was the first important city recaptured by the Chinese in the three years of war. . . . Japanese dive bombers continued attacking Kunming, eastern terminal of the Burma road, war supply route to China. . . . Chinese authorities claimed the Japanese suffered 10,000 casualties in Chekiang, Anhwei and Kiangsu provincial border districts south of the Yangtze River. . . . The Japanese Army abandoned Kwangsi Province in Southern China.

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DIPLOMATIC FRONT. Following the meeting between Chancellor Hitler and Marshal Henri Philippe Pétain in Herr Hitler's private railway car parked near Tours, a meeting coinciding with the expiration of the armistice agreement, Marshal Pétain's office issued the following communiqué: "The conversation on October 24 between Chancellor Hitler and Marshal Pétain, in the presence of Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop and Vice Premier Pierre Laval, occurred in an atmosphere of high courtesy. The Marshal was received with honors due to his rank. The conversation that ensued between the two leaders gave rise to a general examination of the situation, and particularly of means of reconstructing peace in Europe. The two leaders came to an agreement on the principle of collaboration. Methods of application are to be examined later." . . . On being presented to Marshal Pétain for the first time, Herr Hitler, a Bavarian corporal when M. Pétain was commander at Verdun, declared: "I know you did not wish for war, and I regret making your acquaintance in these circumstances." . . . In a broadcast subsequent to the conference, Marshal Pétain intimated he had met Herr Hitler on the latter's invitation, and disclosed that only a principle had been accepted, a principle "that must be sincere, but must exclude all thought of aggression." . . . He indicated that collaboration might lighten France's sufferings, improve the condition of prisoners of war, reduce the cost of the German Army of Occupation, and modify the line of demarcation between the occupied and unoccupied sectors of France. . . . After Chancellor Hitler had discussed far-reaching questions with Generalissimo Franco and Marshal Pétain, he journeyed to Italy, conferred with Premier Mussolini in Florence. . . . From President Roosevelt in Washington sped a warning to the Pétain regime in Vichy that close collaboration of the French with the German Government would mean occupation by the American Republics of French possessions in the Western Hemisphere.

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WAR. Low-flying Nazi planes smashed at wide areas of Scotland, raided the industrial belt of the Midlands, hammered at Liverpool, Birmingham, pounded Southeast England and numerous ports, handed London another week filled with day-and-night aerial blitzkrieg. . . . The British Air Ministry announced that the first formation of Italian bombers were seen over England. . . . For the second time, bombs fell on Ireland, dropping near

Rathdrum, County Wicklow. . . . The British R.A.F. hurled punishing blows on Berlin, loosing salvos of incendiary and explosive bombs on the Reich capital. 62,000 school children under the age of fourteen years were evacuated from Berlin, while arrangements for the removal of additional children were disclosed. 42,000 youngsters were evacuated from Hamburg. . . . British airmen penetrated vast reaches of German skies, bombarded thirty-five targets in the Reich and in Reich-occupied territory. . . . Across the Straits of Dover, long-range guns barked at each other. On one occasion, big berthas of the Germans shelled an English convoy at the same time that huge British cannon were firing on German vessels. . . . Revealing one of its heaviest weekly losses in merchant shipping since the war began, London disclosed that during the week ending October 21, thirty-two British ships totaling 146,528 gross tons were sunk. The combined total of British, Allied and neutral shipping destroyed during this week was forty-five ships of 198,036 gross tons. . . . London announced that British fighting planes had bombed the Italian-owned island, Stampalia, of the Dodecanese group. Rome asserted not one bomb had dropped on Stampalia. . . . Warships of the British Mediterranean fleet shelled Italian troop concentrations around Sidi Barrani, Egypt.

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INTERNATIONAL. Pope Pius appointed November 24 as a day on which Masses and public prayers should be said throughout the world for peace. . . . In a statement issued in New York and Baltimore, General Juan Andreau Almazan declared he would take office as President of Mexico on December 1. He asserted: "My countrymen on July 7 elected me President of the Republic with more than ninety per cent of the vote." . . . The Rumanian Government requested from Spain the extradition of Magda Lupescu and General Ernst Urdareanu, former King Carol's confidential adviser. . . . The Spanish Government announced its intention of dispatching three air-force officers to Great Britain to study the methods of the R.A.F. . . . The staff of censors at Bermuda was increased to 700. . . . The Belgian Government which moved to London decreed the conscription of all Belgian men between the ages of nineteen and thirty-five resident in Canada and other British territories. . . . In protest against the British ban on publication of news covering the Indian disobedience campaign, Mohandas K. Gandhi ceased printing his newspaper, *Harijan*. . . . The Government of New Zealand proscribed Jehovah's Witnesses. . . . Because of the difficulty of fixing new districts on account of the territory seized by Russia, Finland postponed parliamentary elections until 1942. . . . In Moscow, Tass, official Soviet news agency, denied a British-circulated report that Russia was sending airplanes to Greece, characterized the statement as a "fantasy of its authors which does not correspond to the facts in any way whatsoever." . . . In an attack on ships near Gibraltar, Italians were reported to be using a man-controlled torpedo.

A LOST LEADER?

WHEN the C.I.O. was organized, it seemed to this Review that a new and most valuable force was about to be applied to the problem of organizing labor in a department of industry in which attempts to organize had uniformly failed. In many of our greatest industries, the worker was at the mercy of his employer, and that mercy was small. Sporadic campaigns had been made to form unions in the steel, electrical, and automobile industries, in rubber and in oil. But not one had been successful.

Then came John L. Lewis, who for years had led the United Mine Workers of America. He was, obviously, an unusually competent organizer. His outstanding recommendation was that while he always fought relentlessly for the wage-earner, he had never been known to break his word to an employer. Because of his fidelity to his pledges, employers and employees alike trusted him.

Unfortunately, the C.I.O. soon encountered stormy weather. In his fight with the great industries, Lewis needed organizers, and needed them badly. If his C.I.O. project failed to win a majority of the unorganized workers, his claim to speak for them would lack all validity. Organizers were at hand, but a closer examination would have shown many to be men and women with whom honest workers could not associate. Their first allegiance was neither to the wage-earner nor to Lewis, but to Moscow. Possibly Lewis believed that he could use these wreckers, and control them. If so, he failed. Lewis is not a Communist, and never was, but his apparently friendly association with Communists, and his silence when the Communist technique was used to foment sit-down strikes and other forms of violence, gave rise to the suspicion that he had gone over to Moscow.

We welcomed the C.I.O. and supported its leader, as long as it seemed to us that the means he used to attain a laudable end were proper. But since our first interest in organization is the welfare of the worker, we did not hesitate to criticize Mr. Lewis when we believed he was wrong. His support of the sit-down strike, and his appointment of Harry Bridges as his representative on the West Coast were, it seemed to us, indefensible. Further, when he aligned the C.I.O. with a political party, and assessed the workers to raise a campaign fund of half a million dollars, he established a precedent that will return to plague organized labor. It has, in fact, returned in the fight over the personnel of the Labor Relations Board.

But in assessing this labor leader, it must be remembered that he succeeded in organizing labor in industries that had fought organization by fraud, intimidation, and even by poison-gas and dynamite. He taught 4,000,000 unorganized wage-slaves that what other labor leaders had said could not be done, could be done. In the C.I.O. convention this month, the mistakes of John L. Lewis will be discussed, as is proper. But what he did for organized labor, should not be forgotten.

EDITOR

PRAYER

BECAUSE of its supreme importance, we reprint below the greater part of the Holy Father's *Motu Proprio*. Pius XII left nothing untried to prevent the outbreak of war, and for more than a year has done all that is possible to alleviate the horrors of the carnage that has made all Europe a house of sorrow. The Pontiff's heart is the heart of a father that goes out in love to all his suffering children. His one prayer is that Almighty God will incline the hearts of men and the counsels of governments to thoughts of peace based on "a more equitable and just order."

PEACE SUNDAY

ON the Feast of Christ the King, Pius XII issued a *Motu Proprio* by which he appointed Sunday, November 24 as a day of prayer and penance. "All know that ever since this new and terrible war began to convulse Europe, We have left nothing undone which was called for by the responsibility attaching to the office entrusted to Us by God, or suggested by Our paternal love for all peoples," writes the Vicar of Christ. "We turn Our Mind in trepidation, yet in confidence, to the Father of mercies and God of all comfort, and implore for the human race times more peaceful from Him Who bends the wills of men and, by His Divine direction orders the course of events."

Recalling that in May of last year, he invited all the faithful, especially the children, to implore the aid of heaven for a stricken world, the Holy Father issues this new appeal for a world-wide Crusade of Prayer, in words of moving eloquence. "We hope, too, and this is something of graver importance, that this Crusade of Prayer will be accompanied by acts of penance, and by the spiritual improvement of each one's life brought into closer accord with the law of Christ. The present necessities, and the possibilities of dangers which the morrow may bring, ask for this. Divine justice and Divine mercy, which we must conciliate, demand it.

"But since there is no more powerful means of placating and conciliating the Divine Majesty than the Holy Sacrifice of the Eucharist, through which the Redeemer of the human race

R D PENANCE

MEN of good will everywhere will join the Pontiff in his prayers for world-peace. But the Holy Father's request is directed chiefly to Catholics, and it is their duty to obey it. The prayer that God hears is the prayer of the contrite and humble heart, the prayer of the man who has turned from sin, and has done penance. We must do all in our power to keep this country out of war, and Catholics can fulfil this patriotic duty most fittingly by approaching the tribunal of Penance, and by receiving Holy Communion, in family groups, for the Holy Father's intentions.

ND NOVEMBER 24

Himself is offered 'in every place a clean oblation.' We desire that on the day on which these sacred functions shall take place, all ministers of the altar shall, in the celebration of Holy Mass, unite themselves spiritually to Us, Who will offer the Divine Sacrifice over the tomb of the Apostles in the Vatican Basilica.

"Accordingly, by *Motu Proprio*, in virtue of Our apostolic authority, We establish that on November 24 all those who are bound to say Mass for the people entrusted to them, dedicate the Holy Sacrifice according to Our intention. We wish, moreover, that all other priests, whether diocesan or Regular, should know that they will do something very pleasing to Us if on that Sunday, as they raise the Divine Victim, they join in Our intention.

"And Our intention is this, that by the infinite worth of all these Sacrifices of the Holy Eucharist to be offered on that day to the Eternal Father, at every moment and in every part of the world, all those who have died as a result of the war may obtain eternal rest, that exiles, refugees and prisoners, and, in fine, all who suffer or mourn through the calamity of the present conflict, may have the heaven-sent comforts of grace; that, finally, order being restored in justice, and minds being appeased through Christian charity, true peace may unite as brothers all the peoples of the human family, restoring to them tranquility and prosperity."

May Almighty God hear the supplications of His children, and give us His peace.

NATIONAL UNITY

ADDRESSING the Ohio Welfare Conference in Columbus some weeks ago, Mr. Bleecker Marquette cited figures to show that the birth rate has been decreasing "almost uninterruptedly" in this country for about a century and a half. Our Colonial ancestors were courageous and cheerful patriarchs, but their descendants, generally speaking, seem to have feared overmuch the cost of cradles and baby carriages. The decrease is confined to no one section of the country, although it is smaller in the Southern States. It is so general that, according to Mr. Marquette, the birth rate for this country in the 1929-1934 period is less than one-third of that for 1795-1799.

No doubt, unfavorable economic conditions which defer marriage to a late date, or induce married couples to restrict their offspring to one or two, must be considered, in studying the causes of this alarming decrease. But economics alone will not furnish a complete picture of an exceedingly unwholesome and dangerous condition.

France, awakened too late to avert disaster, can warn us that the real cause is a breakdown in morals, following upon a practical abandonment of religion. That unhappy country collapsed, according to a former Premier, because it lacked manpower, and it lacked manpower because many of its people had for years adopted an immoral code which some of our American university professors, and even occupants of pulpits, have long preached in the name of charity and patriotism. As the Archbishop of Cincinnati said last month in an address at a Holy Name rally in Cincinnati, national unity must be achieved through "basic moral principles." France lacked unity because these principles had been neglected.

It would be well if some of our modern "four-minute men" who are urging the need of national unity, could recognize that no people can be talked into national unity, or welded into unity on the forge of statute law. We are one as children of God, but that truth is no basis of unity when probably half of our people do not believe that there is a God, the Father of all men. Our unity as children of God is strengthened by our love of one another, and by our acceptance of Christ's law of love of God above all, and of all men, for His sake. But there can be no progress toward this unity, as long as we, as a people, do not recognize God's existence, and our obligations to Him.

Religion can, indeed, be made the nation's most enduring bond of unity, but not when it is rejected, nor when, following the philosophy of all our public institutions of learning, its importance is minimized, or openly denied. "Accept God, and you must accept all the implications of an infinite, omniscient, supreme Being," said the Archbishop. "Accept God, and you accept the law of love. Hate God, or deny His existence, and you are bound in chains by the law of hatred." A nation of men and women indifferent to religion, or who hate religion, may indeed have an external uniformity, but

it lacks the principle that could achieve real unity.

To bring this principle into American life is a task worthy of the energies of "the mere Politician," to quote Washington, "equally with the pious man." As long as the majority of our children grow up as unaware of supernatural religion and its obligations as the children of an African kraal, unvisited by missionaries, the task must remain almost dishearteningly difficult. But we must take these difficulties as a challenge to action and not a damper on our energies.

It is encouraging to know that all over this country, administrators of the public-school system are beginning to understand the position of the Catholic Church on education. As this understanding grows, public opinion will become enlightened, and the determined opposition to any recognition of the place of religion in education will weaken. We may yet come to the day when the American public, agreeing with Washington that "Religion and Morality are indispensable supports" of national prosperity, and "the firmest props of the duties of Men and Citizens," will also follow his advice by providing for every American child a school in which religion and morality are assigned their rightful place.

Nearly fifty years ago, Leo XIII wrote that "if society is to be healed now, in no other way can it be healed save by a return to Christian life and Christian institutions." The warning is frightening when we realize how far this once Christian country has departed from "Christian life and Christian institutions." We cannot at once bring about this needed return, but we can make a beginning. We cannot Christianize all public education, but we can support more liberally our own schools, and we can encourage every approved method of teaching religion to children who, through no fault of their own, are the pupils of secularized schools.

A nation made one through Christianity is not an idle dream. It is a glorious ideal which, under God, can be achieved by labor and sacrifice.

A NEEDED CONFERENCE

NEXT week, the National Conference of Catholic Charities meets in Chicago. The progress made by the Conference in recent years is remarkable, a fact that is evidenced by the value placed upon its publications by competent scholars in this field.

It is extremely gratifying to note the greater interest of the Catholic public. Some Catholics, it is well known, lean backward in their aversion to what they conceive to be "new-fangled notions" about relief and social reform. But there is nothing "new-fangled" about the old Catholic usage, exemplified in the life of every saintly reformer, of employing everything in charitable work which is furnished by contemporary research. Principles remain, but techniques vary.

The Conference has proved its necessity as well as its usefulness. In these troubled times, when we know not what the morrow will bring forth, its counsel will be heartening and salutary.

CATHOLIC WEEDS

WHEN Saint Paul bade his followers to be imitators of him, as he was of Christ Jesus, he held up to us sinners an exceedingly high ideal. Yet the Apostle meant exactly what he preached. He had a rare knowledge of human nature, and a knowledge, even rarer, of the miracles of God's grace, of which he himself was not the least remarkable example. He knew the weakness of human nature, not only from his meditations on men and events about him, but from the battles that had been fought in his own soul. If he could win these battles by God's grace, others could also be victors. Hence he unceasingly urged his disciples to go on steadily from one stage to another yet higher, in their imitation of Jesus Christ. "Be ye followers of me," Saint Paul exhorted the Christians at Corinth, "as I also am of Christ," (I, xi, 1.)

The doctrine which Saint Paul drew from the teaching of Christ, has been steadfastly proposed by the Church. She invites all to walk in the way of the Commandments, but she is not satisfied with this first step. Because she wishes all her children to be saints, she exhorts all to do more than that which is merely commanded under pain of grave sin. To chosen souls, she points out the way of the Evangelical Counsels, and encourages them to leave father, mother, and all things to follow Christ. To all Christians, she indicates the means by which they can attain perfection, whatever their state of life may be. She wants saintly fathers and mothers, saintly sons and daughters, saintly lawyers and doctors, saintly architects and railroad conductors, saints in the C.I.O., the A. F. of L. and in the independent unions, saintly inn-keepers and grocery clerks, saintly men in public office and even saintly editors.

In every age, the Church succeeds in winning souls to real holiness. But it must be sadly admitted that in every age, she must weep over children who, if not in words, by their wicked lives repudiate the mother who strives to win them. If today, perhaps more frequently than for many years, we find men and women who call themselves Catholics, yet allow their children to grow up without religious instruction, or who, in public office, are guilty of bribery, theft, oppression, and all manner of corruption, we ought to protest, when protest is possible, but we should not be greatly surprised. The Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Matthew, xiii, 24-30) teaches very clearly that until the end of the world, the cockle will grow side by side with the wheat in the field that is the Church of God.

Often it stirs our ire to see in high place men who profess to be Catholics, and who by the world are accepted as Catholics, yet whose lives are as foul as a whited sepulchre. But we may safely leave them to God. When the time comes, He will bind them for burning, and in the interval, He will take care of the wheat. Despite the machinations of Satan and evil-living Catholics, God in the end will have His way. Our task is not to judge others, but to take care that when Satan goes out to sow more cockle, we do not help him.

CORRESPONDENCE

OVERSIGHT

EDITOR: I notice that a recent and in the main admirable list of *Books for Catholic Readers* issued by one of our best metropolitan publishers includes Rachel Field's *All This and Heaven Too*.

Surely this is a curious oversight, for it seems to me that much overpraised novel is quite insidiously anti-Catholic—by the simple but now generally discredited method of making all the particularly obnoxious characters devout Catholics and all the particularly virtuous ones devout Protestants.

As the little booklet is being widely distributed to and by Catholic booksellers, perhaps you may like to publish this "word of warning."

Philadelphia, Pa.

KATHERINE BRÉGY

FEEDING EUROPE

EDITOR: In *AMERICA* for October 12, Jerome P. Holland gives the reasons why he believes that we should feed the peoples of Europe who have been conquered by Hitler. He refers to Major Eliot's article in the New York *Herald Tribune* for September 25, and admits that the argument for upholding the British blockade was carefully and competently presented there. "But," he writes, "it is not, as Major Eliot believes, a problem either of head or heart. It is much more fundamental. It is one which will test to the extreme the moral fibre of the people of the United States. It is, above all else, a problem of conscience."

In this he is correct, since the conscience is, for every individual, the last court of appeal. Therefore, let us consider the problem from the point of a view of conscience. I take it for granted that we agree on the fact that feeding the conquered Europeans is tantamount to giving the best we have of everything to Hitler and his legions. He will promise anything in order to get the food there, and he will break his promise as a matter of avowed policy once it is delivered. The conquered people will get the dregs in any case, but they *may* get more if we send food over than otherwise.

That is why the decision is so difficult to make. The heart does urge that we feed them, and conscience would lay it on us as a duty under any ordinary circumstances. What, then, are the present circumstances which make it a matter of conscience that we should not feed any peoples so long as they remain subject to the yoke of Nazi domination?

First, we have our own people to consider. We cannot justify actions which will strengthen those who plan to rob us of our Christian heritage. Certainly no individual has the right to fortify an enemy whose avowed purpose is to desecrate that

individual's home and kill the souls if not the bodies of his family. Even if such an act would save the life of a third party it would be evil in itself.

The second point also involves an understanding of Hitler's purpose, an understanding which is not difficult to obtain with the documents now available. He is determined to destroy Christianity by stopping the sources out of which arises knowledge of the teachings and truths of Christianity. He has vowed that all men must worship the State in the place of God. This system spreads with the spread of Hitler's conquest and the longer it endures in any one place the greater is the opportunity to wean souls from God by force and by education. That is why every opportunity to help England conquer Hitler quickly is also an opportunity to save millions of people from prolonged spiritual starvation. The number of generations subjected to his subversive propaganda and anti-Christian education can easily be increased by misguided charity.

Father Holland's argument for feeding Europe regardless of circumstances—because, if we do so, God will reward our charity by not allowing Hitler to conquer us—overlooks the fact that such an action on our part will prolong Hitler's domination and make it impossible for millions of young people to know God at all. That argument also presupposes that God will reward kind but unthinking intentions—the things of the heart—above a course designed to uphold His law and to return to Him many who are now deprived not only of food for the body but also of their right to know and worship Him.

Father Holland states that Major Eliot's view is "the view of materialism, pure and simple." But does not his own view fall under the condemnation of materialism more truly than Major Eliot's? Since when has food for the body been more important than the right to know God?

The fact we must face is this. Hitler intends to exterminate Christianity. His Nazi Era is designed to supplant the Christian Era and our Christian consciences cannot dictate to us that we should assist him.

New York, N. Y.

WILLIAM M. AGAR

FLAW

EDITOR: The only flaw in Father Smothers' criticism of the cartoonist Low (*AMERICA*, November 2) is when he speaks of him as "a distinguished Englishman."

Distinguished, Low certainly is, but he is not an Englishman; he is an Australian, and the Australians are touchy on that point. You can be British without being English.

New York, N. Y.

HENRY WATTS

LITERATURE AND ARTS

GOOD BOOKS, GOOD FRIENDS

MARY KIELY

IT was Book Week all over the land. Attractive volumes, new titles and old, crowded the book pages of magazines; book-displays were exhibited in stores, in libraries and clubs. Gay pictures of story-book children and original illustrations by artists of juvenile books were in all the shops, and a bright happiness as cheery as the laughter of modern young Americans sparkled on all sides.

Yet there were, the Woman knew, homes where radios and china dogs, glittering bicycles and mechanical toys had crowded out all knowledge of the pleasure of a good book. There were indeed, she knew, American homes, barren of children's bookshelves, and book friends, bare of the cozy cheer that accompanies good friends in good books. Moved by a sudden memory, she went to her bookcase and rummaged through its shelves seeking a book friend of years gone, Ellen Montgomery, an old-fashioned little girl who lived in one of her grandmother's books, *The Wide, Wide World*. Finding the shabby volume she took it back to the hearth and commenced turning the pages.

The fire was burning low when the Woman, still sitting before it, laid down the book and fell into a smiling reverie. She was thinking of the chapter where Ellen goes to the shop to procure a new Bible. As the door closed behind her Ellen had sniffed, dancing in excitement. "What a delicious smell of new books!" she exclaimed. It had been exciting, too, choosing that Bible. 'Shall it be a nice, red leather one, or a plain, but very neat Bible in black vellum lettered in gilt, or a morocco one with deckled edges—now which should it be?' Even to this day, mused the Woman, I am not certain what "morocco" is, but what a fascination the word held! Since she herself had read her own "Bible History" literally into tatters, the choosing of such a volume had been as absorb-

ing to her as it had been to little Ellen Montgomery.

The Woman leaned her head back. She was remembering now, as she had heard the story many times, an incident of an old sea town. She saw a square, white house. The green front door opened and out came a lady, a stout, smiling lady dressed in the wide-skirted style of the 1870's. At one side a tight-trousered boy of eight or nine jumped along, and by her other side stepped a wide-skirted miss of ten in fur tippet and cap. Down the brick-paved sidewalk, under the elms, the trio went and into a bookstore.

"A Rollo book today?" suggested the clerk in charge, beaming his way forward.

The boy frowned. "Not for me, Mother!"

"Yes, John."

"Well, mother, this is my own dollar that I have saved, you know."

"Yes, I know."

"Well, can't I have that new book, *Bob And Walter*. It's got Indians in it, and they're more exciting than Rollo."

The lady wisely nodded in sympathy. She thought Rollo a bit stuffy, too. "I think," she said, turning to the thin, eager clerk, "I think Fannie here knows just what she wants with her dollar today."

"Oh, I do, I do!" The little girl wet her lips, stepped forward. "I want *Little Pussy Willow*. It's by Mrs. Stowe. And if you haven't got that, then *Lily's Vocation* by Mrs. Sadlier."

The fire was dropping embers. The Woman poked it, roused it into flame. She was talking to herself as she laid the tongs down. "Times change and children change with the times, so their books must change too. Other children, other ways. That is where all these gay new books of today must enter the scene." She shook her head, knowing how many confuse children's literature with literature for children, knowing how many mothers can



From *Whistle For Good Fortune*, by Margery Bailey

choose the best of the old, but are uncertain as to what is best among the new! And she almost laughed out loud; she did chuckle, over her own warm recollection of her mother's sensible amusement the year that *The Birds' Christmas Carol* arrived. Brother was ready for at least a fifth re-reading of their annual favorite, Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. "But if you don't mind," she had requested, "I think, mother, that while you are reading about Scrooge again to Burton I'd rather be reading my *Birds' Christmas Carol*."

The fire was almost burned out. The Woman rose. In that corner of her mind that dreamed dreams she was seeing the fortunate among today's children, stooping enraptured over piles of bright, modern volumes under their spicy Christmas trees, or going into the happy, inviting bookstores with their mothers. "Is there," the Woman wondered, "anything more rewarding than to take a wide-eyed child into a bookstore!" And she seemed to hear them, these children of today, crying eagerly, as did Ellen Montgomery in her quaint merino and strapped slippers. "'Oh! What a delicious smell of new books!'"

ON THE CHILDREN'S SHELVES

SOME "stories for children," of course, do not merit that high praise. To tell a story that will engage the attention of children everywhere throughout the ages calls for genius. Aesop had it, so too did Hans Christian Andersen and the Brothers Grimm; and, nearer our own scene, Kingsley, Lewis Carroll and Hawthorne. "Tell me a story," is one of the child's first steps into the strange world in which he finds himself. Very few things are what they seem to be; but a story in which trees, and birds, and the stars, and the friendly moon, talk to him, is transmuted by the alchemy of the unfolding mind, to give him a sense of his own, and the world's reality. For the same reason, very probably, grownups who have retained something of the child's simplicity, try to peer through the veils of a fairy-story, hoping to learn something about a world of which, after all their years, they really do not know very much.

STORIES OF HEAVEN AND SAINTS

One world we all should love to hear about is the lovely one where Our Lord and Lady and the Saints and Angels are at home. So we turn to those books that are like finger-posts, pointing out the way. Such a book is *Our Playmate* (by a Sister of Charity. Character Building Publication. \$1), which is a story of the Christ Child taking part in the simple everyday life of modern children. The happy, enduring thoughts and lovely pictures of their Precious Playmate, as He mingles in spirit in their own good times, will bring a hearty and wholesome welcome for this book.

A man who was very gay and happy in his closeness to the Christ Child has his story told for children in *God's Troubadour* (by Sophie Jewett. Crowell. \$2). It is a real pleasure to recom-

mend this beautifully written and beautifully illustrated book for youngsters of every age. God's Little Poor Man comes to life in this moving biography of a great Saint who followed so closely in the footsteps of his Master. The story is told simply and appealingly and even the most hardened little sophisticate will gain a greater appreciation for this man who was as beloved by the birds of the air and beasts of the field as he was by his neighbors and the poor and crippled who turned to him as the man who loved his fellow men dearly.

A Queen's Command (by Anna Kuhn. Bruce. \$1.75), tells of another who was close to Our Lord's world in the story of the fortunate little Bernadette who saw Our Lady no less than eighteen times, and as a consequence became a great Saint of the Church. And our Playmate can be with us in our fun, too, we are told in *The Kings' Day* (by Claire Huchet Bishop. Coward-McCann. \$1.50), which is a merry little tale about how a French family spent the Feast of the Epiphany.

Many happy stories about Our Lord and Lady are found in *Angel City* (by Rev. Gerald T. Brennan. Bruce. \$1.25). One vacation time, Father Brennan fell asleep and dreamed that his school children were all in Angel City. He rushed right off to see them, but the boys and girls would not let him in unless he promised to tell them stories. The price of admission was well worth it, for the children and for all Father Brennan's readers.

OLD FAVORITES IN NEW DRESS

Old friends of most of us, but new discoveries for the new youngsters are found in some of the newly edited classics. And among them, *Grimms' Fairy Tales* (with woodcuts by Fritz Kredel. Stackpole. \$2.75), is especially delightful. No boy or girl ought to be allowed to grow up without reading at least part, if not all, of *Grimms' Fairy Tales*, regardless of the opinion of advanced child psychologists. This edition is a beautiful one and there are illustrations by Fritz Kredel which do justice to the *Tales*, and that is high praise. *The American Mother Goose* (by Ray Wood. Stokes. \$1.25), ranks high, too, in this category. Maybe we are wrong, but nowadays we rarely hear the kiddies chanting the rhymes that were such a part of our childhood, and it does seem a loss.

For children of all ages, *A World of Stories for Children* (Bobbs-Merrill. \$5), can be warmly recommended. In this volume of 844 pages, the compilers, Barret H. Clark and M. Jagendorf, give us hundreds of stories from Aesop, the Greek myths, the *Arabian Nights*, English, French and Norwegian folk lore, and the best of Grimm and Andersen. The sole drawback in the book, considered as a book for children, is the fewness of the illustrations. *Gaily We Parade* (by John E. Brewton. Macmillan. \$2) is a gay and distinguished collection in which you will find poems about people—all kinds—a long procession of people you know or would like to know. There are verses from Mother Goose, and from the great writers of the past, as well as from hosts of present-day writers. This book is highly recommended.

TALES OF DAYS THAT ARE GONE

The world of long ago, too, is one both we and the children love to wander through. In *The Past Lives Again* (by Edna McGuire. Macmillan. \$1.40) is told the story of civilization from pre-historic times. It shows how the Christian religion helped to shape modern civilization, and gives a glowing account of the monastic life. *The White Isle* (by Caroline Dale Snedeker. Doubleday, Doran. \$2) unfolds the tale of Britain when it was just a province of the Roman Empire. Although it is a novel, it tells many a story of ancient history and of the Roman occupation of England. In *Akka, Dwarf of Syracuse* (by Agnes Carr Vaughan. Longmans, Green. \$2), we learn how Akka had been told that when he saw double he would grow to full size. He does not do this, but through his adventures with the twins, Doris and Dorian, he discovers his own identity. Much classical lore is interwoven in a pleasant story.

Passing from these earliest times into the Middle Ages, we enter *Within the Gates of Oxford* (by Eleanor Hubbard. Dutton. \$2). When Elizabeth was Queen of England, Robin Willowby made his way to the university city to make his fortune. And as you follow Robin, you will get a great idea of what life was like in Oxford in the sixteenth century. Claymores, doughty Scots, unsurpassed courage and the thrilling story of Bonnie Prince Charlie's heroic attempt to seize the throne of England with his small band of Highlanders, make *Last Clash of Claymores* (by Maribelle Cormack and William P. Alexander. Appleton-Century. \$2) a really good adventure story. *He went with Christopher Columbus* (by Louis Andrews Kent. Houghton Mifflin. \$2). Peter Aubrey, plotted against by his Spanish uncle, ships with the Admiral, is left behind in Española, and finds his way back at last to England, to reclaim his stolen title and property. There are stirring adventures in this well written book, with sympathetic glimpses of Columbus' great character, which lived on in the *Sons of the Admiral* (by Seth Harmon and Harry I. Shumway. Page. \$2), Diego, who stayed at the royal court, while Fernando went to sea and followed in his father's footsteps.

Other adventurers throng to meet us in *They Sailed and Sailed* (by Frances Margaret Fox. Dutton. \$2)—adventurers of the seven seas, from Marco Polo and Columbus down to the heroic story of our naval heroes. The tale is stirring and reverent, emphasizing very aptly the place God had in these heroic lives. This book, which links the heroes of the past to modern ones, is followed by another which tells of old and not-so-old adventures and adventurers here in our country. *America Then and Now* (by Edna McGuire. Macmillan. \$1.40) is the exciting story of America from the time when it was discovered by Christopher Columbus down to the nineteen-twenties. Young readers will learn from it what their country means, and how it has been developed.

SUGAR COATS ON LEARNING'S PILL

Not *all* knowledge, of course, "maketh a bloody entrance," and to prove that, here we come to some books which teach much in pleasant style. Even the very young are not exempted from this informal schooling. All good children from five to nine are anxious to know how an engine learns to puff, how it is able to go so fast, how it gets through snow drifts and why it always stays on the tracks, and *Engine, Engine No. 9* (by Edith Thacher Hurd. Lothrop. \$1) answers these and other big problems. Then we come across *The Music Game* by Lois von Haupt. Howell, Soskin. \$1.50), a delightful learn-to-read-music book in which seventeen adventures are told by means of musical notation.

For the more practical young ones, *The Talking Typewriter* (by Margaret Pratt. Lothrop. \$1.50) will be a welcome aid to learning, if we may judge from Johnny Hunt-and-Pecker, Slam-and-Banger Hopkins. The asterisk man not only helps him to write his epic about Montana Joe, but also shows him how to type it neatly. *Tin Lizzy* (by Adam Allen. Stackpole. \$1.50) tells all about automobiles in story form; and lastly, budding

carpenters will enjoy *This Is the Way We Build a House* (by Creighton Peet. Holt. \$2). From cellar to roof, step by step, the author shows us how our homes are built. Every fundamental move is illustrated with a large clear photograph.

For older children who have a craving to do and learn, let's start with some books on science. A very splendid one is *What Makes the Wheels Go Round* (by Edward G. Huey. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.50). Here we have simple and fascinating physics for the young scientific-minded. The explanations are very clear and interesting with simple diagrams and charming jingles at each chapter end to help the memory. Close after this book follows *Mr. Tompkins in Wonderland* (by G. Gamow. Macmillan. \$2). Mr. Tompkins was a clerk in a city bank, but wandered, in dream, into the land of science, and you cannot do better than follow him. Then come *The Sons of Vulcan—the Story of Metals* (by Thomas Hibben. Lippincott. \$2); an instructive book on what man has done with metals from the earliest days of simple tools and weapons down to today's great blast- and smelting-furnaces, and lastly, *Exploring the Earth and Its Life in a Natural History Museum* (by James Lindsay McCreery. Stokes. \$2.50). If you are interested in the Natural History Museum, this is the very book to tell you what the museum does and why.

RIDING HOBBIES TO A CAREER

Books on hobbies and vocations have an especial appeal to the adolescent, and they range over a wide field. One invitation, *Let's Start a Stamp Collection* (by John S. Turner. Stokes. \$1.25), will be hard to refuse after reading the book's simple hints. Or perhaps you want to learn *How To Be an Army Officer* (by William H. Baumer, Jr. McBride. \$1.75). This book fills a present need for those who would like to fit in best and rise high in the service of their country. Or again, the roar of planes may sound like music to you—if so, you will pore long over *Fighting Planes of the World* (by Major Bernard A. Law. Introduction by Major Al Williams. Random House. \$1), which describes and pictures 65 of the most famous fighting planes of the world. And all the various avenues open in the field of photography are covered in *Photographic Occupations* (by Captain Burr Leyson. Dutton. \$2).

One of the best of these pleasantly instructive books is *Edward MacDowell and His Cabin in the Pines* (by Opal Wheeler and Sybil Deucher. Dutton. \$2). The author-musicians who have written such fine biographies of other musicians, have come home to America in this latest book on famous composers. Of course the book is intended primarily for those youngsters who already have a taste for music but we recommend it very highly for all older children.

Young talented girls who hope to find their place in the sphere of fashion designing will learn much from *Frills and Thrills* (by Louise Barnes Gallagher. Dodd, Mead. \$2), which recounts the experiences of a distinguished American fashion designer. And two sprightly books on manners and customs are *This Way, Please* (by Eleanor Boykin. Macmillan. \$1.75), and *Manners Now and Then* (by May B. Van Arsdale and Mary Rebecca Lingenfelter. Harcourt. \$1.50). The former contains helpful little hints for proper behavior. The latter traces the rise of many of our customs through the ages.



STORIES ABOUT NOAH'S PASSENGERS

All the animals that were in the Ark, and even some who missed it, make up our next section. Picking at random, the first is *Patches* (by Joel Stolper. Harcourt. \$1.50), a story about a giraffe family in Africa, with zebras, lions, and tigers in the background. Next in the parade is *Horton Hatches the Eggs* (by Dr. Seuss. Random House. \$1.50). Horton is an elephant who obligingly climbed a tree to hatch an egg which Mayzie was too lazy to incubate.

Very few city children today know what a horse is, and *Salute* (by C. W. Anderson. Macmillan. \$1.50), a story about Man O' War's grandson, will help to dispel their ignorance. The book is illustrated by exquisite lithographs. Children fond of kittens (some are) will be delighted with *April's Kittens* (by Clare Turlay Newberry. Harpers. \$1.75) and *Belinda Blue* (by Esther Wood. Longmans, Green. \$2). *Sam* (by Edward Quigley and John Crawford. Stackpole. \$2) tells of a cat, and is illustrated by very fine photographs. Another book in which photographs figure is Dorothy Lee Edward's *Oscar the Business Rabbit* (Dutton. \$1.25). Oscar works in a lamp shop on Lexington Avenue in New York, where he obligingly snips the strings for customers.

We have five books about dogs. The first is about *Tim, a Dog of the Mountains* (by Margaret S. Johnson and Helen Lossing Johnson. Harcourt. \$1.75) and the other *Bringing Up Raffles* (by Gertrude Robinson. Dutton. \$1.50). Tim is an Afghan hound who found a home in Colorado, where he has many adventures, but Raffles is just a pup who learns wisdom by degrees. *Rusty the Little Red Dachshund* (by Dorothy K. L'Hommiedieu. Lippincott. \$1.50), was a conceited little dog, who goes off on a day's adventure and finds plenty. The amusing tale is simply and charmingly told for the quite young. *No Trouble At All* (by Paul Brown. Scribner's. \$1.50). Here is a delightfully told story of Trouble, the Dawson's dog, and his adventures from puppyhood up. The book is extremely good for children who love dogs since it contains simple, practical explanations of how to train them. *Sniffy Dog* (by Roy H. McLain. Mill. \$1) is just a plain, ordinary dog whose best friend is Policeman Pete. The pair of them are smart and manage to solve the mystery surrounding the missing chickens.

Sir Noble, The Police Horse (by Mary Graham Bonner. Knopf. \$1.50) shows the devotion and the spirit that go into the forming of these splendid animals which take such care not to step on anyone's toes. In *Little Joe* (by Dorothy Clark. Lothrop. \$1), the little ones will find a very funny pony, indeed. In *Little Tookitoo* (by Marie Ahnighito Peary. Morrow. \$1), twelve- and thirteen-year olds will be fascinated by the adventures of the young reindeer who sports a white flashlight on his antlers and a red flashlight as a tail-light when he has to go out traveling in the deep snow.

One who was not so much at home in the open spaces was Mr. Tittlewit, a city mouse, who decided to go on a vacation in the country. *Mr. Tittlewit's Holiday* (by M. Forster Knight. Lippincott. \$1.50). The story of a funny animal is told in *Sonny Elephant* (by Madge A. Bigham. Little, Brown. \$1.25), how Sonny met a man and thus found a new life for himself and Papsy and Mumsy Elephant. But even funnier ones are found in *The Lost Zoo* (by Countee Cullen. Harper. \$2.50), which contains



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a wonderful collection of animals who missed the Ark—such charming fellows as the Sleepamitemore, the Double-headed Hoodinkus, the Hahaha and many others.

Turning to denizens of the deep, we meet *Children of the Sea* (by Wilfrid S. Bronson. Harcourt. \$2) a book for older children, *Twin Seals* (by Inez Hogan. Dutton. \$1.00) and *Timothy Turtle* (by Alice Vaught Davis. Harcourt. \$1.50). The last two will be relished by children learning to read. *A Hundred Tuftys* (by Jean Lilly. Dutton. \$1.50) hardly belongs in our zoological garden, since Tufty is a teddy bear, but *Vanka's Donkey* (by Sonia Daugherty. Stokes. \$1.50) is an amusing story with a widely applicable moral that brings us back to reality. *Ladybug! Ladybug!* (by Rosalie K. Fry. Dutton. \$1) will amuse little children, and *The Little Black Hen* (by Eileen O'Faolain. Random House. \$2) is a story about the fairies in Flennashee. *Big Road Walker* (by Eula Griffin Duncan. Stokes. \$1.75) tells us in Negro dialect about bears, pigs, "maremaids," and all sorts of animals, real and legendary.

What is always a welcome event meets us in the publication of *The Boy Scouts' Year Book of Wild Animal Stories* (edited by Franklin K. Mathews. Appleton. \$2). This marks the twenty-fifth volume in the series of wild animal stories, and contains tales as exciting as any of its predecessors. The last on our list, *Kersti and Saint Nicholas* (Viking. \$2) by Hilda van Stockum, barely qualifies for admission into our "zoo," for although there is a horse in it and some cats, the story is really about a bad little girl who actually ran away from home! The story of her wandering is beautifully illustrated in color.

TALES FOR TINY AND YOUNGER ONES

Stories for the quite young can begin no better than with *The Snow House* (by Marian Johnston. Dutton. \$1.50). The delightfully cozy feeling of being snowed in is told simply and charmingly for the second graders. John and Billy and their parents build a fine snow house, but are glad to go back indoors, lured by the popcorn and the pan of fudge. The familiar old nursery rhyme has been streamlined to enhance its appeal in *The Crooked Man* (by Emily Barto. Longmans. 75 cents) and dramatic illustrations carry out the suspense in this new version of the Crooked Man and his equally Crooked Friends.

All sorts of young heroes meet us here—for boys, a real one like Danny Whiteduck, a little Catholic Indian who does his good deed every day and who can hunt and fish with the best of the braves, in *The Red Canoe* (by Harriet Evatt. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.50), or Tommy, who learns to play football the hard way, in *Tommy Carries the Ball* (by James and Marion Renick. Scribner's. \$1.50); and for girls, little Jeanie, who found out all about *The Weather House People* (by Marie McSwigan. Lippincott. \$1.50), when they came to life for her, and Becky of *Becky and Tatters* (by Eleanor Thomas. Scribner's. \$1.50), who gets into many scrapes with her dog, Tatters, in the apartment house where they live. Lastly, for little girls, there is a romantic fantasy, *The Story on the Willow Plate* (adapted by Leslie Thomas from the Chinese legend. Morrow. \$1.25), wherein the poor poet wins the Mandarin's daughter.

All young ones who love to read of children of other lands will find charming friends in *Lucky Pierre* (by Lorraine and Jerrold Beim. Harcourt. \$1.50), a young Breton lad who spends all his time looking for things, and who one day saves his brothers and sisters from drowning with the help of some of the things he has picked up along the beach, or in *Pepper Moon* (by Esther Wood. Longmans. \$2), a rich little Chinese boy, whose main ambition in life is to own a little dog, and who at last gets his cherished pet; or in *Manoel* (by Claire Nelson Atwater. Longmans. \$2), son of a poor Portuguese fisherman and owner of a very mischievous dog named Gama.

Other youngsters of strange lands meet our younger readers in *The Story of Lee Ling* (by Eleanor Frances Lattimore. Harcourt, Brace. \$2), the delightful story of a





shy Chinese girl, who was brave under her shyness. The hero of *Teri Taro from Bora Bora* (by William S. Stone. Knopf. \$1.75) is a little South Sea Islander, and his friend, Tutu. The story includes a fishing expedition, a ghost hunt, and the killing of Mao, the shark, by Teri Taro. It is nicely told for the nine-year-olds.

Still other stories of strange lands, though the children are mainly American or English, are *Quest in the Northland* (by Elizabeth Yates. Knopf. \$1.75), recommended by Pro Parvulis, wherein two English children go with their uncle to Iceland in search of a missing heir, where they find not only the heir, but adventures as well, and learn the customs and characters of a simple sturdy folk, and *Children of the Fiery Mountain* (by Marian Cannon. Dutton. \$2) in which Pete and Tommy sail down to Guatemala for a visit to their cousin Sylvia and find themselves involved in the discovery of a sacred pool and in a volcano eruption.

Still for younger readers, but now turning to our own land, we meet first *Augustus Goes South* (by LeGrand. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.75) the hero has funny and exciting adventures in the Louisiana Bayous, but the thrill of the story lies in the expedition for buried pirate treasure which they actually find. And *The Land He Loved* (by Elizabeth Emmett. Macmillan. \$2) tells a really different story for boys and girls between the ages of eight and twelve. "Timonofathens," hates the New World, but awakes to the fact that America has far more true beauty in her hills and rivers than the boy could ever find in the Old World. The last of our tales for younger ones tells of the *Boat Builder* (by Clara Ingram Judson. Scribner's. \$1.50). Robert Fulton is the builder and the biography relates all his struggles until he was able to prove that his dreams were very practical ones.

TALES FOR THE ALMOST-GROWN-UPS

Stories for older girls and boys abound and we must be content to choose a bit. *The Year of Jubilo* (by Ruth Sawyer. Viking. \$2), is, we think, a good choice for high-school girls. Lucinda goes with her family, after her father's death, to a little cottage in Maine which is all the home they have left. There they struggle through their difficulties, Lucinda showing the way with her spirit and buoyancy. High-school students will like *The Fair Adventure* (by Elizabeth Janet Gray. Viking. \$2), with its scholastic atmosphere.

Tales that are worthy of mention, too, are *Sue Barton, Superintendent of Nurses* (by Helen Dore Boylston. Little, Brown. \$2), the story of the lively redhead, who, now married to Dr. Bill Barry, tries to run a little hospital in the New England hills; *Bold of Heart* (by Helen Elmira Waite. Macrae-Smith. \$2), wherein Ellen Herrick, becomes involved in unraveling the mystery of the disappearance of a valuable bowl; and *A Mystery for Margery* (by Gladys Blake. Appleton. \$2). In it girls in their early teens will enjoy making the acquaintance of lovable Margery, of her unpredictable young mother, and of the busy Langdon family, in the great household at the Hermitage, Andrew Jackson's famous plantation; all wrapped together in a veil of mystery.

Books for older boys have come in to us in greater numbers, and our choice is wide. Three are recommended by Pro Parvulis Book Club—*Drovers East* (by Pitt L. Fitzgerald. Macrae-Smith. \$2) recreates a stirring period in the early history of our country, in telling of Andy O'Farrell, a cattle driver out in the Ohio Settlements, and the story of his adventures. Next, the almost incredible story of Henri Christophe, the slave boy who became a partner in the Haitian Rebellion under Toussaint L'Overture, and later Henri I, King of Haiti, is unfolded in *Black Fire* (by Covelle Newcomb. Longmans. \$2.50). The third is *Son of the Bayou* (by John Murray. Ave Maria Press. \$1.50). We follow the adventures of Joseph de Corneval, Louisiana born, through his exile in France, the Paris revolt of 1848, the Crimean War and the tense days before the Civil War in America.

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life of Ethan Allen specially written for boys, *He Fought for Freedom* (by Sidney W. Dean. Macrae-Smith. \$2.50), and based on historical documents and family records; and an historical background adds much to *Call of the Mountain* (by Cornelia Meigs. Little, Brown. \$2), the tale of a nineteen-year-old lad who braved the loneliness of a mountain farm in Vermont in the 1830's; and in *Without Valour* (by Laura Long. Longmans. \$2), the Civil War is the background of a story of a boy's experience with conflicting loyalties.

School life finds its stories, too, in *Wings Over West Point* (by R. G. Emery. Macrae-Smith. \$2), a fine boys' book written by an army captain and a West Point graduate, about a West Pointer who was a flying pilot; as well as in *Jerry at the Academy* (by Elmer E. Ferris. Doubleday. \$2). Jerry is determined to have an education and so, when his father cannot send him through Wayland Academy, he schemes and works to put himself through, and his determination and sincerity win him his diploma at last.

Ralph Henry Barbour, that perennial favorite among authors of boys' books, has given us *Hurricane Sands* (Appleton. \$2). Unjustly accused of theft, Joe Bradley runs away and finds adventure off the coast of Florida, where he becomes innocently involved in an alien-smuggling scheme. His heroism during a hurricane and his vindication are high lights in a good adventure story.

Stories that tell of various exciting avocations are many and interesting. In *Gloucester Boy*, (by Ruth and Richard Holdberg. Doubleday. \$1) Manuel Madleros wished to be a Gloucester fisherman as had been his father before him, and it is fun to read how he gained his wish. *Government Hunter* (by Montgomery M. Atwater. Macmillan. \$1.50), tells how young Doug Mulholland comes from the city for a summer on the ranch and runs into exciting experiences in the company of Slim Cavanaugh, a Government Hunter, whose job it is to track down "bad" animals. The story of a boy who wanted to become an explorer is the burden of *On Safari* (by Theodore J. Waldeck. Viking. \$2.50).

Lastly a fine book for boys comes in the tribute to and thrilling stories of *Men Without Fear* (by John J. Floherty. Lippincott. \$2), who live amid danger to keep us safe and progressive. These are real stories from the adventures and lives of test pilots, light-ship keepers, miners, sandhogs, newsreel men and others. The narrative and the photographs are vivid and stirring.

Winding up our stories for older children are three which will appeal to boys and girls alike; *Brittany Summer* (by Kathleen Coyle. Harpers. \$2), wherein the homey and attractive French and Catholic atmosphere are well caught, in a tale of an English family which spends the summer with a charming French one; *At the End of Nowhere* (by Florence Crannell Means. Houghton. \$2) a pioneering tale, from which you can learn a great deal about a small Colorado town nearly forty years ago; and *Early American* (by Mildred Mastin Pace. Scribners. \$1.50), the story of Paul Revere specially told for young people. It reads like fiction, but all the incidents are true, and young citizens will get a fine idea of this great American patriot.

And, of course, no book list is complete without some stories that re-echo the thump of cleated shoe on pigskin. So we have *Fighting Coach* (by Jackson Scholz. Morrow. \$2), the story of a coach's struggle to make good in a large school, despite crookedness among school officials and poor spirit on the squad. And that accomplished writer for boys, William Heyliger, gives us another fine story in *Gridiron Glory* (Appleton, \$2). Gordy Carroll was tired of being known merely as the young brother of a famous All-American, and tried to become known in his own right.

And standing almost by itself is a travel book, which comes highly recommended, *South American Roundabout* (by Agnes Rothery. Dodd, Mead. \$2), just the sort of book to tell you a great deal about the South American countries. It is a liberal education in itself.

After sniffing the smell of these new books, aren't you tempted?
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MUSIC

AMONG the recent records probably no release has been anticipated with as much interest as Igor Stravinsky's Columbia recording of his own *Le Sacre du Printemps* with the New York Philharmonic. This depiction of a pagan rite of spring, written for ballet purposes, holds a unique place in the modern orchestral repertory. The reaction to its then revolutionary nature at the Paris premiere in May, 1913 is an old but revealing story. Its complex rhythms, powerful dissonances and sonorities still hold their astonishment for ears hearing them for the first time.

The new recording is a brilliant one. Even in the most strident passages the intricate orchestration is never muffled or "swallowed up" by the recording. Stravinsky recorded this work about ten years ago with a Parisian orchestra for Columbia. The present discs show how his attitude has changed, in some respects, toward his own work, particularly in tempi. But these results may not be due to a change so much as to greater familiarity with the New York orchestra. Although this is not music of the sort to listen to frequently, the present album is well worth having as an authoritative performance of a work never given except by competent orchestras.

Music from *Le Sacre* will occupy approximately twenty-five minutes of the new Walt Disney film, *Fantasia*. Just what the visual accompaniment on the screen will be is still a mystery. There are rumors that hippopotami will perform Ponchielli's *Dance of the Hours*, certainly a new twist to trite music. Whether the scenes depicting the "Sacre" music will strive for humor or for some sort of abstraction, no one has revealed.

Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra made the sound recording for the picture. This is interesting for two reasons since this combination made a recording of the music a decade ago for Victor. And it was Stokowski who taught the score to the New York Philharmonic while serving as guest conductor.

The present Stravinsky set is preferable to the Stokowski version if only for the great advance in recording. The latter set has a few more exciting moments (for example, portions of the *Dance of the Adolescents*), but the new set is entirely free from any melodramatic overemphasis.

There are two other highly recommended Columbia sets. In one, Egon Petri plays Franck's *Prelude, Chorale and Fugue* for the piano; in the other, Joseph Szigeti with the Orchestra of the New Friends of Music under Fritz Stiedry plays Bach's D Minor violin concerto.

The Franck work has not been a particular favorite of mine mainly because of the feeling of anticlimax produced by the Chorale and Fugue after the splendid Gallic moodiness of the Prelude. Also the travestying resemblance of the Fugue's end to Debussy's *Dr. Gradus ad Parnassum* only belittles it. However, I know I am pretty much alone in this opinion. As an execution of extremely difficult music, Petri's is an absorbing and definitive performance.

The Bach Concerto is nothing short of superb. This music is as fresh and vibrant as it was two hundred years ago, and its buoyancy and pulse will keep it young for two centuries more. There is some question among musical scholars as to whether it was originally written for clavier or violin. Only the most insistent purist would continue to care after hearing Szigeti's performance.

On a single disc Frederick Stock and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra play Sibelius' beautiful and somber *Swan of Tuonela*. In spite of the popularity of this tone poem, there has only been one recording until now: that of Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra, made some eight or ten years ago. The new disc naturally shows the dearth of detail in the old one. JOHN P. COVENEY

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THEATRE

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE. Quite early in the action it is revealed in the new Kaufman-Hart comedy, produced by Sam H. Harris at the Lyceum Theatre, that George Washington had never slept in the old Pennsylvania farm house which is the setting of the play. The discovery disappoints the Fuller Family—husband, wife and daughter, who have bought the place and gone there to live.

The start of the second act shows us what wonders Annabelle Fuller (Jean Dixon) has accomplished with an old ruin. But up till the end of the comedy, she and her husband (Ernest Truex) and their daughter (Peggy French) have no bathroom, and no water except that carried in pails from some remote point. Nevertheless, they are devoted to their new country home, though it has brought Mr. Fuller to the verge of bankruptcy. His crotchety millionaire uncle, some of whose millions he has expected to inherit, proves to have no money at all. Various characters, all beautifully acted, furnish more complications. From start to finish nothing but trouble faces the Fullers.

Nevertheless, the audience understands and sympathizes with their growing love of their suburban farm. It shouts with laughter over their troubles and the way they get out of them. It heaves a sympathetic sigh when the mortgage is about to be foreclosed. It has a grand time. At the end of the comedy it is still chuckling, and deeply grateful to a play and players that can keep it laughing for two hours.

Mr. Truex, of course, carries the heaviest burden of the comedy with Jean Dixon and Dudley Digges giving him perfect first aid. Percy Kilbride, as the farm-hand whose help consists in running up bills for the new owner, furnishes some additional chortles, and an especially nice interpretation of a weary stock actress is contributed by Ruth Weston. Paula Truman puts several new gurgles into the rôle of an amorous maid, and Bobby Readick is good as a bad little boy.

In fact, and this simply must be admitted at last, it is the acting and not the play which is filling the Lyceum Theatre these nights. The authors took their part of the enterprise very easily—but who cares?

CHARLEY'S AUNT. A revival that produces the same effect in much the same way, is the old farce, *Charley's Aunt*, written by Brandon Thomas almost fifty years ago and still going strong in its latest showing by Day Tuttle and Richard Skinner at the Cort Theatre.

As one of the survivors who saw Etienne Girardot in the leading rôle, I expected to be rather critical of Jose Ferrar, who plays it now. I am not. Mr. Ferrar is admirable in the part. If he burlesques it a bit more than Girardot did, there are plenty of spectators who approve.

Everyone knows the story of *Charley's Aunt*. She is a rich widow from Brazil, "where the nuts come from." She cannot attend a luncheon Charley has planned in his student rooms at Oxford. Charley and Charley's chum have their sweethearts at the luncheon. There simply must be a chaperon. There is, in Lord Fancourt Babberley, Charley's classmate, who impersonates his aunt, complete in a black satin dress, lace cap and fichu. It would not be fair to tell any more about the play. There may still be a few playgoers who have not seen it. They must see it now. They will enjoy it.

Ferrar, of course, carries off the honors, with a lot of help from Thomas Speidel, J. Richard Jones, Mary Mason, Phyllis Avery, and Nedda Harrigan—she of the good old Harrigan theatrical family. In fact, the cast is excellent throughout and so is the direction. I saw *Charley's Aunt* after seeing *George Washington*. With my hand on my heart I thank the producers for two such evenings in one week!

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

ANGELS OVER BROADWAY. Ben Hecht, who is apparently outgrowing the katzenjammer humors which stamped him, along with Charles MacArthur, as a clever if superficial eccentric, is almost the victim of an intellectual triangle in this unusual production. His attempt to be author, director and producer at the same time brings him again to the verge of mistaking dramatic devices for drama itself, but the producer's respect for the box office triumphs in an interesting, incredible tale of Broadway's life. A frustrated suicide goes to a nightclub, probably as the next best choice, and is marked for a killing by gamblers who think him a man of wealth. A dancer and a bibulous playwright resolve to set the straying sheep right, and the latter stages the events of the evening like the last act of a melodrama. He even manages a happy ending as the would-be suicide is restored to solvency, a petty crook is reformed by the dancer, and he himself returns to home and wife. There is originality in the situation and the writing, but it is the brilliant playing of Thomas Mitchell and a cast numbering Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Rita Hayworth and John Qualen that saves the film from being merely a curious detour in screen entertainment. It is a brassy epitome of lower Broadway for adults. (Columbia)

THIRD FINGER, LEFT HAND. The screen has apparently run out of obvious titles for the sort of obvious marital comedy this is, but the indirection of the title is as close to subtlety as the picture ever gets. Robert Z. Leonard, given a sophisticated plot and the sort of dialog usually referred to as smart, constructs the flippant trifle everyone has come to associate with marriages made in Hollywood rather than in Heaven. When an independent fashion editor invents a husband in order to keep her job, inevitable complications arise in the person of a claimant to the mythical title. The atmosphere of this story is rarefied almost to the point of creating an intellectual vacuum, so that its casual attitude toward marriage is as innocuous as its final orthodoxy. Myrna Loy, Melvyn Douglas, Lee Bowman and Bonita Granville play the veneered rôles with mechanical gaiety. It is a successful essay at trivial entertainment for adults. (MGM)

DANCING ON A DIME. The late but unlamented WPA theatre project is saluted in passing by this budget-ridden musical which may be credited with more good intentions than fair scenes. The actors in a show stranded by Act of Congress pass counterfeit money to rent a theatre and justify their faith in themselves. Then follows a race between the Federal Agents and the ticket agents, with the success of the show enabling the temporary felons to redeem the bogus bills. Joseph Santley's direction is standard, with Grace McDonald contributing most to a moderately amusing family affair, assisted by Robert Paige, Eddie Quillan and William Frawley. (Paramount)

HIT PARADE OF 1941. The trite remark about carrying a joke too far applies to this tailor-made musical comedy. A measure of vocal excellence and a fragmentary plot would have guaranteed its success had John Auer not allowed the humorous sequences to exhaust themselves in repetition. A swap-shop owner trades himself into the radio field just as television comes of age, but he holds the saving advertising account by starring the client's daughter. Frances Langford sings engagingly, as does Kenny Baker, and Hugh Herbert, Mary Boland and Patsy Kelly add eccentric comedy. This is an uneven adult production. (Republic)

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EMBARRASSMENT after embarrassment dived into the
week. . . . In a Massachusetts community, a city-owned
fire station was listed as one of the worst fire-hazards
in town. . . . An excessively awkward moment dropped
into the life of a prospective bridegroom in South Caro-
lina when he applied for a marriage license. Asked for
the bride's name, he could not recall it, had to admit:
"I can't remember it, Judge." . . . A Charlotte, N. C.
robber held up a pedestrian who had one penny in his
pocket. . . . Touring on an electioneering campaign,
Governor Carr of Colorado paused in a town, began
to address citizens standing around, urge his re-elec-
tion. "You're in the wrong State, Governor. This town's
in Nebraska," one of the audience informed him. The
Governor, red-faced, ceased orating, moved back into
Colorado. . . . How to keep the score of his own team
down and thus prevent embarrassment for his opponents
created an embarrassing problem for Elmer Layden,
coach of Notre Dame. . . . One hundred intoxicated
cows, inebriated by the froth from a nearby bootleg
still, made an Eastern farmer blush with mortification.
His cows staggered about, hiccuped in plain view of a
party of model-farm students who had come to be in-
spired by his model farm. . . . Officials of a Louisville,
Ky., business concern, who had not ordered any white-
washing, were nonplused when they perceived a crew
of workers spraying whitewash all over their establish-
ment. The boss of the workers explained. He had signed
a contract seven years before with the then president
of the concern, since deceased. After signing the con-
tract, he had begun a seven-year jail term for a killing.
Released from the prison, he had headed straight for
the establishment to fulfil the contract. . . . Ignoring
the advice of his wife who counseled the hiring of a
carpenter, a Tennessee husband nailed down the floor-
ing of his garage, then discovered his trousers were
caught fast under one of the boards he had nailed
down. His wife telephoned for a carpenter, who yanked
up all the flooring, released the husband. . . .

A census taker in a New Jersey township was shame-
faced. An investigation revealed he had missed twenty-
three per cent of the population on his rounds. . . .
After her broken jaw had been set, a young woman in
Illinois was instructed to avoid tiresome story-tellers
and the funny papers for a month as she could not
yawn or laugh during that time. . . . When a train hit
her automobile, a California woman sued the railroad.
She was embarrassed when the court decreed she must
pay damages to the railway company for injury to
the train, loss of train during repairs, destruction of
a crossing sign. . . . A Midwest one-legged man felt
awkward when charitable organizations refused to ac-
cept his donation of used one-leg trousers. . . . Bomb
scares radiated embarrassment. . . . A Texas hitchhiker
left his suitcase, containing a shirt and a pair of pants,
behind a suburban hedge, while he moved on to a nearby
city. When he returned, he located the valise in a pond.
Police had seen the bag, figured it housed a bomb. . . .
An insecticide salesman requested a New Jersey store-
owner to keep his suitcase for an hour. The storekeeper
suspected a bomb, summoned police. They dipped the
bag in oil, shot at it, later opened it, found a lot of bug
poison. The insecticide salesman purchased a new valise,
fumed at bugs of all descriptions. . . .

A Christmas card mailed four years ago was just re-
ceived in the West. . . . If a Christmas card mailed fifty
years ago were to be received today, how strange it
would seem! . . . It would be all about Christmas. . . .
How embarrassing, a Christmas card that spoke of
Christmas!

THE PARADER